

H Y M N S,

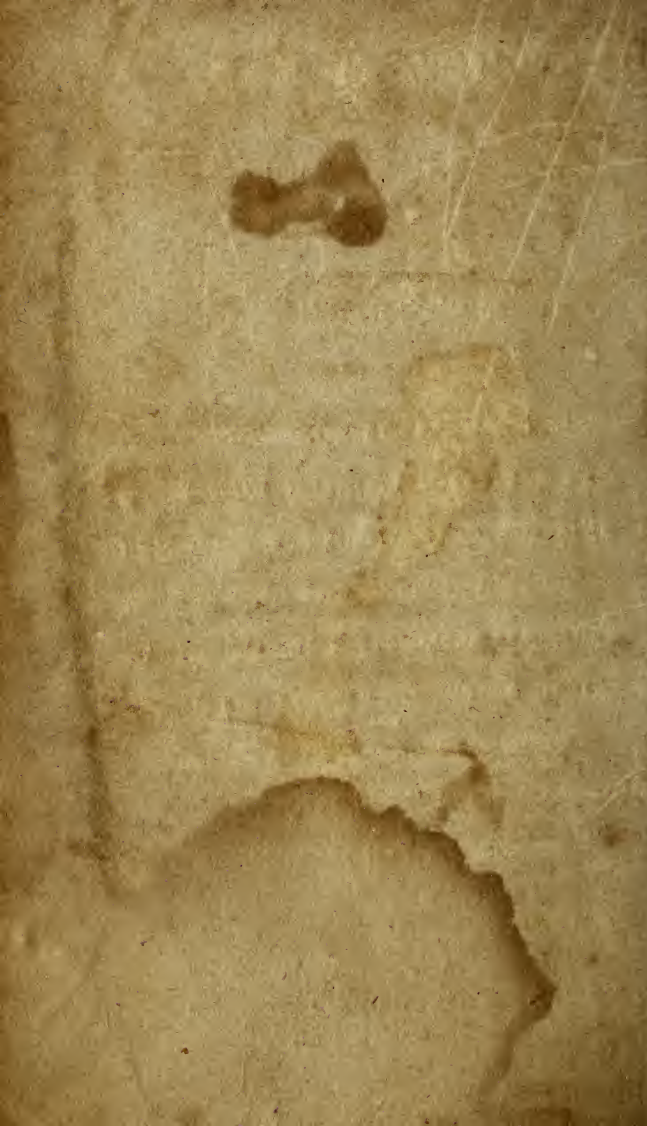
AND

Spiritual Songs.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST MAY BE ASSURED THAT IT IS INTENDED IN THIS SELECTION OF HYMNS, TO FURNISH THE TRUE FOLLOWERS OF THE LAMB WITH A PRECIOUS COLLECTION OF SPIRITUAL SONGS, CALCULATED FOR PUBLIC ASSEMBLIES AND PRIVATE DEVOTION.

A NEW EDITION.

PALMER:
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HYMNS
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS.



HYMN 1.
Grateful Recollection.

COME thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above,
Praise the mount I'm fixt upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come ;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home :
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God,

He to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be,
Let thy goodness like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee :
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love,
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

HYMN 2.

COME all you mourning Pilgrims now,
The joyful news I'll tell,
The Lord hath sent salvation down
To save our souls from hell ;
The angels bro't the tidings to
The shepherds in the field,
That God with man is reconcil'd,
His son to them reveal'd.

Chorus.

*Sing Glory honour to the Lord,
Salvation to our King,
Let all that's wash'd in Jesus' blood
His glorious praises sing.*

2 Come all ye poor despised souls,
Unto his fold repair,
There God his boundless love unfolds.
He says he'll meet us there,
His glorious presence fills our souls
With songs of loudest praise,
Let all that want a Savior near,
Their hearts and voice's raise.
Sing glory honour, &c.

3 Here's glory, glory in my soul,
 It came from heaven above,
 Which makes me praise my God so bold,
 And his dear children love,
 I'll serve the bleeding Lamb of God,
 I love his ways so well,
 Because his precious blood was spilt,
 To save my soul from hell.
Sing glory honour, &c.

4 When weeping Mary came to seek
 Her Lord with the perfume,
 The napkin and the sheet she found,
 Together in the tomb,
 The angel said he is not here,
 He's risen from the dead,
 And streams of grace for sinners flow,
 As free as did his blood.
*O glory, glory to my God,
 He's now upon his throne,
 A bringing strangers, far and near,
 And claims them for his own.*

Hymn 3.

O TELL me no more
 Of this world's vain store,
 The time for such trifles with me now is
 A country I've found, [o'er.
 Where true joys abound,
 To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy
 ground.

2 The souls that believe,
 In paradise live,
 And me in that number will Jesus re-
 My soul don't delay, [ceive.

He calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Savior, and bless the glad
day.

3 No mortal doth know
What he can bestow,
What light, peace and comfort go after
Lo onward I move [him go.
To a country above,
None guesses how wonderous my journey
will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win,
From death, hell and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ
And when I'm to die, [within.
Receive me I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell
why.

5 But this I do find,
We two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me be-
So this is the race [hind.
I'm running through grace,
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's
face.

6 And now I'm in care,
My neighbors may share
These blessings, to seek them will none of
In bondage, O why? [you dare?
And death will you lie?
When one here assures you free grace is so
nigh?

HYMN 4.

Come and welcome to Christ Jesus.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,

Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and pow'r.
He is able, he is able, he is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Oh! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify,
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh,
Without money, without money without
Come to Jesus Christ and buy. (money,

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him ;
This he gives you, this he gives you, this
'Tis his Spirit's rising beam. (he gives you,

4 Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all ;
Not the righteous, not the righteous, not
Sinners Jesus came to call ! [the righteous,

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo, your Maker prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
It is finish'd, it is finish'd, it is finish'd
Sinners will not this suffice ?

6 Lo, the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merits of his blood ;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but
Can do helpless sinners good. (Jesus,

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,

Sing the praises of the Lamb,
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name :
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Sinners here may sing the same.

HYMN 5.

The Weary Traveller.

COME all ye weary trav'lers,
 Come let us join and sing
 The everlasting praises
 Of Jesus our great King.
 We've had a tedious journey,
 And tiresome it is true ;
 But see how many dangers
 The Lord has brought us through.

2 At first when Jesus found us,
 He called us to him,
 And pointed out the danger
 Of falling into sin.
 The world, the flesh and satan,
 Will prove a fatal snare,
 Unless we do reject them,
 By faith and humble prayer.

3 But by our disobedience,
 With sorrow we confess
 We've had too long to wander
 In a dark wilderness ;
 Where we might long have fainted
 In that enchanted ground,
 But now and then a cluster
 Of pleasant grapes we found.

4 The pleasant fruits of Canaan
 Give life, and joy, and peace,
 Revive our drooping spirits,

And love, and strength increase.
 In peace, and consolation,
 We now are going on,
 The pleasant road to Canaan,
 Where Jesus Christ is gone.

5 Sinners, why stand ye idle,
 While we thus march along ;
 Has conscience never told you,
 That you are going wrong,
 Down the broad road to darkness,
 To bear an endless curse ?
 Forsake your ways of sinning,
 And come and go with us.

6 But if you will refuse it,
 We bid you all farewell ;
 We're on the road to Canaan,
 And you the road to hell :
 We're sorry for to leave you,
 We'd rather you would go ;
 Come, try a bleeding Savior,
 And feel the waters flow.

Hymn 6.

Praise for the hope of glory.

I SOJOURN in a vale of tears,
 Alas how can I sing !
 My harp doth on the willows hang,
 Distun'd in ev'ry string.

2 My musick is a captive's chains ;
 Harsh sounds my ears do fill ;
 How shall I sing sweet Zion's song,
 On this side Zion's hill ?

3 Yet lo ! I hear the joyful sound,
 Surely I quickly come !
 Each word much sweetness doth distill,

Like a full honey comb.

4 And dost thou come my dearest Lord ?
And dost thou surely come ?

And dost thou surely quickly come,
Methinks I am at home.

5 Come then my dearest, dearest Lord,
My sweetest, surest friend ;

Come, for I loath these Kedar tents ;
The fiery chariot send.

6 What have I in this barren land ?
My Jesus is not here ;

Mine eyes will ne'er be blest until
My Jesus doth appear.

7 My Jesus is gone up to heav'n
To get a place for me ;

For 'tis his will, that where he is,
There should his servants be.

8 Canaan I view from Pisgah's top,
Of Canaan's grapes I taste :

My Lord, who sends unto me here,
Will send for me at last.

9 I have a God that changeth not,
Why should I be perplex't ?

My God that owns me in this world,
Will own me in the next.

10 My dearest friends they dwell above,
Them will I go to see ;

And all my friends in Christ below,
Will soon come after me.

HYMN 7.

Elevation.

COME and taste along with me,
Consolation running free ;

From my father's wealthy throne,
Sweeter than the honey comb.

2 Why should Christians feast alone?
Two are better far than one;
The more that come with free good will,
Makes the banquet sweeter still.

3 Now I go to heaven's door,
Asking for a little more,
Jesus gives a double share,
Calling me his chosen heir.

4 Goodness running like a stream,
Through the new Jerusalem;
By its constant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth and heaven both.

5 Saints in glory sing aloud
For to see an heir of God
Coming in at heaven's door,
Making up the number more.

6 Heaven here and heaven there,
Comforts flowing every where;
This I boldly can attest,
That my soul has got a taste.

7 Now I go rejoicing home,
From the banquet of perfume;
Gleaning manna on the road,
Dropping from the mount of God.

8 O return ye sons of grace,
Turn and see God's smiling face;
Hark! he calls backsliders home,
Then from him no longer roam.

9 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing for our heavenly home.

HYMN 8.

JESUS grant us all a blessing,
 Send it down, Lord, from above ;
 May we all go home a praying,
 And rejoicing in thy love ;
 Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
 Till we all shall meet again.

2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,
 Since together we have been ;
 Make us humble, make us holy,
 Cleanse us all from ev'ry sin ;
 Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
 Till we all shall meet again.

3 May thy blessings, Lord go with us,
 To each one's respective home ;
 And the presence of our Jesus
 Rest upon us every one.
 Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
 Till we all shall meet again.

 HYMN 9.

A SOLDIER, Lord thou hast me made,
 Thou art my captain, king and head,
 And under thee I still would fight,
 The fight of faith with all my might.
 The cross all stain'd with hallowed blood,
 The ensign of the cause of God,
 The soldier's heavenly standard is,
 And I will fight for **KING JESUS**.

2 Grant me the arrows of thy word,
 Thy spirit's pow'rful two edg'd sword,
 To slay my foes where e'er they be,
 And own the victory won by thee ;

That I a dutious child may be,
To stand and fight the enemy ;
That when th' alarm's to call, the Lord,
May pass the word unto the guard.

3 Thou art my guard, keep me I pray,
That I may walk the narrow way,
Nor from my duty e'er depart,
But live to Christ with all my heart.
Help me to keep my guardian dress,
And march to th' right in holiness ;
O make me pure and spotless too,
And fit to stand the Grand Review.

4 And when our General he has come,
With sound of trumpet, not of drum,
And when our well dress'd ranks shall stand,
In full review at God's right hand,
It's then the foe will get the rout.
Be wheel'd by him the left about ;
Then we'll march up the heavenly street,
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

HYMN 10.

The Kite.

ONCE on a time a paper kite
Was mounted to a wondrous height,
Where, giddy as it soar'd and toss'd,
Self-admiration thus express'd ;

2 "Behold how yonder gazing crowds,
Admire my flight unto the clouds ;
How would they wonder if they knew
All that a kite like me can do ?

3 Were I but free, I'd take a flight,
And pierce the skies beyond their sight,
But, ah ! like a poor pris'ner bound,

My string confines me near the ground :

4 I'd brave the eagle's tow'ring wing,
Might I but fly without a string."
It tugg'd and pull'd, while thus it spoke,
To break the string—at last it broke,

5 Depriv'd at once of all its stay,
In vain it try'd to soar away ;
Unable its own weight to bear,
It flutter'd downward thro' the air ;

6 Unable its own course to guide,
The winds soon plung'd it in the tide.
Ah ! foolish kite, thou hadst no wing,
How couldst thou fly without a string !

7 My heart reply'd "O Lord, I see
How much this kite resembles me !
Forgetful that by thee I stand,
Impatient of thy ruling hand ;

8 How oft I've wish'd to break the lines
Thy wisdom for my lot assigns ?
How oft indulg'd a vain desire
For something more, or something high'r !

9 And, but for grace and love divine,
A fall thus dreadful had been mine,
And my own choice destroy'd me quite,
Plung'd in the flood like this poor kite."

HYMN 11.

Pride goeth before destruction.

LORD, search and try this heart of mine,
Put every sin to death ;
I long to see my pride resign
Its pestilential breath.

2 I dread its power, I hate its name,
Its sad effects I fear :

Extinguish, Lord, this dangerous flame,
Nor let one spark appear.

3 Hide it forever from my eyes,
Its hellish rage control ;

Lest wrath destructive from the skies
Consume my guilty soul.

4 In dust and ashes I would lie,
As less, as worse than nought,
And mourn that such a worm as I
Should have one haughty thought.

5 Form, Lord, each motion of my heart
Obedient to thy will ;

In thee the humble soul has part,
My breast let meekness fill.

HYMN 12

The new Convert.

OH how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above !
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love !

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;
When at first I believ'd,
What a joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus's name !

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know ;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

- 4 Jesus all the day long
 Was my joy and my song ;
 O that all his salvation might see !
 He hath lov'd me, I cry'd,
 He hath suffer'd and dy'd,
 To redeem such a rebel as me.
- 5 On the wings of his love,
 I was carry'd above
 All my sin and temptation, and pain ;
 And I could not believe
 That I ever should grieve,
 That I ever should suffer again,
- 6 I then rode on the sky,
 Freely justify'd I,
 Nor did envy Elijah his seat ;
 My glad soul mounted higher
 In a chariot of fire,
 And the world it was under my feet.
- 7 O ! the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight,
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood !
 Of my Saviour possess,
 I was perfectly blest,
 And was fill'd with the fulness of God.

HYMN 13.

What think you of Christ ?

WHAT think you of Christ ? is the test
 To try both your state and your scheme ;
 You cannot be right in the rest,
 Unless you think rightly of him.
 As Jesus appears in your view,
 As he is beloved or not ;
 So God is disposed to you,
 And mercy or wrath is your lot.

2 Some take him a creature to be,
 A man, or an angel at most ;
 Sure these have not feelings like me,
 Nor know themselves wretched and lost ;
 So guilty, so helpless am I,
 I durst not confide in his blood,
 Nor on his protection rely,
 Unless I was sure he is God.

3 Some call him a saviour in word,
 But mix their own works with the plan ;
 And hope he his help will afford,
 When they have done all that they can,
 If doings prove rather too light,
 (A little they own they may fail)
 They purpose to make up full weight,
 By casting his name in the scale.

4 Some stile him the pearl of great price,
 And say he's the fountain of joy ;
 Yet feed upon folly and vice,
 And cleave to the world and its toys ;
 Like Judas, the Savior they kiss,
 And while they salute him, betray ;
 Ah ! what will profession like this
 Avail in the terrible day.

5 If ask'd what of Jesus I think ?
 Tho' still my best thoughts are but poor,
 I say he's my meat and my drink,
 My life, and my strength, and my store ;
 My shepherd, my husband, my friend,
 My Savior from sin and from thrall ;
 My hope from beginning to end,
 My *portion*, my *Lord*, and my *all*.

HYMN 14.

AH ! give me, Lord, my sins to mourn,

My sins which have thy body torn ;
 Give me with broken heart to see
 Thy last, tremendous agony.

2 O could I gain perfection's height,
 And gaze upon that bleeding sight ;
 O that like Salem's daughter's I
 Could stand and see my Saviour die.

3 I'd smite upon my breast and mourn,
 And never from his cross return ;
 I'd weep o'er an expiring God,
 And mix my tears with Jesus blood.

4 Father of mercies, drop thy frown,
 And give me shelter in thy Son ;
 And with a broken heart comply,
 O give me Jesus or I die.

5 One precious drop, Lord Jesus, grant ;
 One precious drop is all I want ;
 One precious drop of thy rich blood,
 Will make me cry my Lord, my God.

HYMN 15.

The meal and cruise of oil.

BY the poor widow's oil and meal,
 Elijah was sustain'd ;
 Though small the stock, it lasted well,
 For God the store maintain'd.

2 It seem'd as if from day to day,
 They were to eat and die ;
 But still, though in a secret way,
 He sent a fresh supply.

3 Thus to his poor he still will give,
 Just for the present hour ;
 But for to morrow they must live,
 Upon his word and pow'r.

- 4 No barn or store house they possess,
On which they can depend ;
Yet have no cause to fear distress,
For Jesus is their friend.
- 5 Then let no doubt your mind assail,
Remember, God has said,
"The cruise and barrel shall not fail,
My people shall be fed."
- 6 And thus, though faint, it often seems,
He keeps their grace alive ;
Supply'd by his refreshing streams,
Their dying hopes revive.
- 7 Though in our selves we have no stock
The Lord is nigh to save ;
His door flies open when we knock,
And 'tis but ask and have.

HYMN 16.

My name is Jacob.

- NAY, I cannot let thee go,
'Till a blessing thou bestow ;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am ?
Ah, my Lord thou know'st my name :
Yet the question gives a plea,
To support mysuit with thee.
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy,—
That poor rebel, Lord was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy seat by pray'r ;
Mercy heard and set him free,—
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many years have pass'd since then,
 Many changes I have seen ;
 Yet have been upheld till now,—
 Who could hold me up but thou ?

6 Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need,
 This emboldens me to plead ;
 After so much mercy past,
 Canst thou let me sink at last !

7 No—I must maintain my hold !
 'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;
 I can no denial take,
 When I plead for Jesus' sake.

HYMN 17.

Belshazzar.

POOR sinners ! little do they think
 With whom they have to do !
 But stand securely on the brink
 Of everlasting woe.

2 Belshazzar thus profanely bold,
 The Lord of host defy'd,
 But vengeance soon his boast control'd
 And humbled all his pride.

3 He saw a hand upon the wall,
 (And trembled on his throne)
 Which wrote his sudden dreadful fall
 In characters unknown.

4 Why should he tremble at the view
 Of what he could not read ?
 Foreboding conscience quickly knew
 His ruin was decreed.

5 See him o'erwhelm'd with deep distress
 His eyes with anguish roll
 His looks and loosen'd joints, express
 The terrors of his soul.

- 6 His pomp and music, guests and wine,
No more delight afford ;
O sinner ere this case be thine,
Begin to seek the Lord.
- 7 The law like this band writing stands
And speakes the wrath of God ;
But Jesus answers its demands,
And cancels it with blood.

Hymn 18.

The good that I would, I do not.

- I WOULD but cannot sing,
Guilt has untun'd my voice ;
The Serpent sin's envenom'd sting,
Has poison'd all my joys.
- 2 I know the Lord is high ;
And would, but cannot pray ;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.
- 3 I would but can't repent,
Though I endeavour oft ;
This stoney heart can ne'er relent
Till Jesus makes it soft.
- 4 I would but cannot love,
Though woo'd by love divine ;
No arguments have power to move
A soul so base as mine.
- 5 I would but cannot rest
In God's most holy will ;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.
- 6 O could I but believe !
Then all would easy be,
I would, but cannot—Lord relieve !
My help must come from thee.

- 7 But, if indeed I would,
 Though I can nothing do ;
 Yet the desire is something good
 For which my praise is due.
- 8 Wilt thou not crown at length,
 The work thou hast begun ?
 And with a will afford me strength,
 In all thy ways to run.

HYMN 19.

The holy war.

- I'VE listed in the holy war,
Sing glory, glory, glory ;
 Eternal life, eternal joy,
Sing glory, glory, glory ;
 And grace more boundless than the seas,
Glory, glory, glory,
 Are the good wages I receive,
Sing glory, glory, glory.
- 2 Under my captain Jesus Christ, &c.
 I've listed for, and during life,
 To fight against the powers of hell,
 In favour of Emmanuel.
- 3 My general is the great I AM,
 Against whose power no one can stand ;
 But all before his sword shall fall,
 For he has power to conquer all.
- 4 My captain he is mild and meek,
 And gently favors all the weak ;
 His servants are all chosen pairs,
 And all his soldiers volunteers.
- 5 From day to day, with living bread,
 And good provisions I am fed,
 Which I draw from the general's store,
 Upon fair Canaan's happy shore.

6 I'm harness'd out with sword & shield,
And I will never quit the field,
Thro' Christ the Lord the victory's won,
Then let my soul put courage on.

7 I'll yield obedience to his laws,
Nor flinch in such a glorious cause ;
But in his service I'll abide,
To fight upon Emmanuel's side.

8 I've listed and I mean to fight,
Till all my foes are put to flight ;
Tho' wars and fightings now increase,
Soon I shall have eternal peace.

9 My foes are sin, and self, and pride,
And unbelief which crucified
The Lord of glory, Jesus Christ,
Who, only, gives poor sinners life.

10 I've fought thro' many a battle sore,
And I must fight thro' many more ;
My soul shall trust in Jesus' name ;
None in this holy war are slain.

11 I have a sword which when I wield
The stoutest foes before me yield ;
The word of God that e'er prevails ;
Eternal truth that never fails.

12 Come fellow sinners, come aud list ;
It is the only way to bliss !
Come try the service of the Lord,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

HYMN 20.

Salvation by grace from first to last.

GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound !

Harmonious to the ear ;

Heav'n with the echo shall resound,

And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps his grace display,
Who drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 (Grace first inscrib'd my name
In God's eternal book ;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.)
- 4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road :
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 5 (Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow ;
'Twas grace which kept me to this day
And will not let me go.)
- 6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Thro' everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

HYMN 21.

- BY faith I am a conqueror,
And stand on Zion's mountain ;
My sins and crimes are wash'd away
In Christ the living fountain.
Farewell to ease, and welcome pain,
I've come to this conclusion,
To leave the tents of Kedar now,
And all this worlds confusion.
- 2 The God of love looks from above,
On this our generation ;

He sends a shower of his great power,
A shower of consolation.

Brethren rejoice, lift up your voice,
And wipe off every tear,
The sound of rain is heard again,
And Jesus doth appear.

3 The Jubile sound is heard around,
The trumpets are a sounding,
And sinners bow to Jesus now,
While free grace is abounding.
With thankful voice aloud rejoice,
Backsliders are returning,
And sinners cry, How can I fly
From everlasting burning.

4 The God of truth converts our youth,
While grace is sweet effusing ;
But some cry out and make a shout,
And say 'tis all delusion.
They're bold we know but they must go
To darkness and perdition,
If they do slight the healing light
Of Christ the great physician.

5 O lovely youth, embrace the truth,
In th' day of your pollution ;
Now in your prime is the best time,
The day of your salvation.
You'd better leave your sins and mirth,
And seek with strong desire,
Than fall a prey at the last day
To hell's eternal fire.

6 Fly, sinners fly, why will you die ?
God's vengeance is pursuing ;
Make his free grace your hiding place,
And 'scape eternal ruin.

O, now embrace free offer'd grace,

Be not to Christ a stranger,
There's none beside, that can you hide,
And shelter you from danger.

7 A word for you, backsliders, too,
Who're living in desertion,
And destitute of heavenly fruit,
And rest on old conversion.

Almighty God will send his rod
And visit your transgression,
And let you know that you must go
Beyond a bare profession.

8 Some seek in health for fading wealth,
And some for golden ore ;
Give me the Lord for my reward,
I'll ask for nothing more.
He is to me a boundless sea,
He is a boundless ocean,
He is the saints' inheritance,
And everlasting portion.

HYMN 22.

Expostulation with sinners.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard ;
'Tis mercy speaks to day ;
He calls you by his sov'reign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace ;
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell ;
Why will you persevere ?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair ?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways

- Of sin and folly go ?
 In pain you travel all your days,
 To reap immortal woe.
- 5 But he that turns to God shall live,
 Thro' his abounding grace ;
 His mercy will the guilt forgive,
 Of those that seek his face.
- 6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
 Renouncing ev'ry sin ;
 Submit to him your sov'reign Lord,
 And learn his will divine.
- 7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts,
 He pardons like a God ;
 He will forgive your numerous faults,
 Thro' a Redeemer's blood.

HYMN 23.

The penitent.

- PROSTRATE**, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
 A guilty rebel lies ;
 And upwards to thy mercy seat,
 Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence ;
 Stay, stay the vengeful storm :
 Forbid it, that omnipotence
 Should crush a feeble worm.
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
 To pay the debt I owe,
 Tears should from both my weeping eyes,
 In ceaseless currents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead
 To expiate my guilt ;
 No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
 No blood, but thou hast spilt.

HYMN 24.

The grieved Spirit entreated not to depart.

STAY, thou insulted spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despise,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight:

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all, who e'er thy grace receiv'd,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.

3 But Oh! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great high priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my wees;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with a calm repose.

5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand!
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMN 25.

Mercy-prevailing.

ONCE perishing in blood I lay,
Creatures no help could give;
But Jesus pass'd me in the way,
He saw, and bade me live.

2 Oh, can I e'er that day forget,
When Jesus kindly spoke!
"Poor soul, my blood has paid thy debt,
And now I brake thy yoke.

3 Behold, I take thee for my own,
And give myself to thee;

Forsake the idols thou hast known,
And yield thyself to me."

4 Ah, worthless heart ! it promis'd fair,
And said it would be thine ;
I little thought it e'er would dare
Again with idols join.

5 Lord, dost thou such backslidings heal,
And pardon all that's past ?
Sure, if I am not made of steel,
I shall relent at last.

6 My tongue, which rashly spake before
Thy mercy will restrain ;
Surely I now shall boast no more,
Nor censure, nor complain.

HYMN 26.

The contrite heart.

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow :
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no ?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel ;
If ought is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee, if I could ;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more ;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

5 I see thy saints with comfort fill'd,

When in thy house of pray'r ;
 But still in bondage I am held,
 And find no comfort there.

6 Oh, make this heart rejoice or ache ;
 Decide this doubt for me ;
 And if it be not broken, break,
 And heal it if it be.

HYMN 27.

Pleading for and with youth.

SIN has undone our wretched race,
 But Jesus has restor'd,
 All who believe and trust his grace,
 And seek and serve the Lord.

2 This we repeat from year to year,
 And press upon our youth ;
 Lord, give them an attentive ear,
 And save them by thy truth,

3 Come, Lord, and bless the rising race !
 Make this an happy hour,
 According to thy richest grace,
 And thine almighty pow'r.

4 Dear youth, we know your sinful state ?
 (May God your hearts renew !)
 We would a while ourselves forget,
 To pour out pray'r for you.

5 We see, though you perceive it not,
 Th' approaching, awful doom !
 Oh, tremble at the solemn thought,
 And flee the wrath to come !

6 [Dear Saviour, let this new-born year
 Spread an alarm abroad ;
 And cry in every careless ear,
 "Prepare to meet thy God !"]

HYMN 28.

The vanity of creatures.

MAN has a soul of vast desires,
 He burns within with restless fires,
 Toss'd to and fro, his passions fly,
 From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain on earth we hope to find
 Some solid good to fill the mind ;
 We try new pleasures, but we feel
 The inward thirst and torment still.

3 So when a raging fever burns,
 We shift from side to side by turns,
 And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
 To change the place, but keep the pain.

4 Great God ! subdue this vicious thirst,
 This love to vanity and dust ;
 Cure the vile fever of the mind,
 And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

HYMN 29.

Seeking first the kingdom of God.

NOW let a true ambition rise,
 And ardor fire our breast,
 To reign in worlds above the skies,
 In heav'nly glories drest.

2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
 A radiant crowd display,
 Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
 While stars and sun decay.

3 Away, each grov'ling anxious care,
 Beneath a Christian's thought ;
 I spring to seize immortal joys,
 Which my Redeemer bought.

4 Ye hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
 The glorious prize pursue ;

Nor shall ye want the goods of earth,
While heaven is kept in view.

HYMN 30.

The christian's triumph.

ALMIGHTY love inspire
My heart with sacred fire,
And animate desire,
My soul to renew ;
I love the blessed Jesus,
On whom each angel gazes,
And symphony increases,
Above th' etherial blue.

2 My tender-hearted Jesus,
His love my heart amazes,
Who came down to save us,
When lost and undone :
No seraph could redeem us,
No angel could retrieve us,
No armies could relieve us,
But Jesus Christ alone.

3 In him I have believed,
And he's my soul retrieved,
From sin he has releived
My soul which was dead :
And now I love my saviour,
For I am in his favour,
And hope with him forever,
The golden streets to tread.

4 Yet here a while I stay,
In hope of that glad day,
When I am call'd away
To the mansions above ;
There to enjoy the pleasure
Of unconsuming treasure,
And shout in highest measure

Hallelujahs of love.

5 The hope of seeing Jesus,
When all my conflict cease,
My love to him increase,
His name to adore:
Come, O my blessed saviour,
Vouchsafe to me thy favour,
To dwell with thee forever,
When time shall be no more.

9 There in the blooming garden,
Regain'd by Christ's free pardon,
Upon the banks of Jordan
I'll worship the Lamb;
And join the song of Moses,
While Jesus sweet composes
A song that never closes,
Of praises to his name.

HYMN 31.

TO day if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice:
Say will you to Mount Zion go,
Say will you have this Christ or no?

2 Say will you be forever blest,
And with the glorious Jesus rest;
Will you be sav'd from guilt and pain,
Will you with Christ forever reign?

3 Make now your choice & halt no more,
For now he's waiting for the poor;
Say now poor souls, what will you do,
Say will you have this Christ or no?

4 Once more I ask you in his name,
I know his love remains the same;
Say will you to Mount Zion go,

Say will you have this Christ or no ?

5 Ye dear young men for ruin bound,
Amidst the gospel's joyful sound,
Come go with us and you shall prove,
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.

6 Your sports and all your glittering toys,
Compar'd with our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear,
Come go with us, your souls are dear.

7 Or must we leave you bound to hell,
Resolv'd with devils for to dwell ;
Still we will weep, lament and cry,
That God may change you ere you die.

8 Young ladies, now we look to you,
Are you resolv'd to perish too ;
To rush in carnal pleasures on,
And sink in flaming rivers down ?

9 Then blooming friends a long farewell,
We're bound to heaven but you to hell ;
Still God may hear us while we pray,
And change you ere the burning day.

10 Come you that love the blessed Lord,
And feel redemption in his blood,
Let's watch and pray and travel on,
Till Jesus comes to call us home.

11 A few more days and we shall go
From all our cares and foes below,
In shouts of triumph we shall fly,
And dwell with Christ eternally.

HYMN 32.

Invitation.

STOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go—

Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe ?

Hell beneath is gaping wide !

Vengeance waits the dread command,

Soon to stop your sport and pride,

And sink you with the damn'd,

O be intreated now to stop,

Far unless you warning take,

Ere you are aware you'll drop

Into the burning lake.

2 Gastly death will quickly come,

And drag you to the bar ;

Then to hear your awful doom

Will fill you with despair :

All your sins will round you crowd,

Sins of bloody crimson dye,

Back for vengeance crying loud,

And what can you reply ?

O be intreated &c.

Say, have you an arm like God,

That you his will oppose ?

Fear you not his iron rod,

With which he breaks his foes ?

Can you stand in that great day,

When he judgment shall proclaim ;

When the earth shall melt away,

Like wax before the flame ;

O be intreated &c.

4 Though our hearts are made of stone,

Your foreheads lin'd with brass ;

God at length will make you feel,

He will not let you pass :

Sinners then in vain will call,

(Though they now despise his grace ;)

Rocks and mountains on us fall,

And hide us from his face.

O be intreated &c.

5 But as yet there is a hope,
That you may mercy know ;
Though his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow :
It was for sinners Jesus dy'd,
Sinners he invites to come ;
None who come shall be deny'd ;
He says there still is room ;
O be intreated &c.

HYMN 33.

The heavenly mariner.

THROUGH tribulation's deep
The way to glory is,
This stormy course I keep
On these tempestuous seas :
By waves and winds I'm tost and driven,
Freighted with grace, & bound to heaven.

2 Sometimes temptations blow
A dreadful hurricane,
And high the waters flow,
And o'er the sides break in ;
But still my little ship outbraves
The blustering winds and surging waves.

3 When I in my distress,
My anchor, *hope*, can cast
Within the promises,
It holds my vessel fast ;
Safely she then at anchor rides,
Midst stormy blasts and swelling tides.

4 If a dead calm ensues,
And heaven no breezes give,
The oar of prayer I use,
I tug, and toil, and strive ;

Through storms & calms for many a day,
I make but very little way.

5 But when a heavenly breeze
Springs up and fills my sail,
My vessel goes with ease
before the pleasant gale,
And runs as much an hour, or more,
As in a month or two before.

6 Hid by the clouds from sight,
The sun doth not appear,
Nor can I in the night
Behold the moon or star ;
Sometimes for days and weeks, or more,
I cannot see the sky or shore.

7 As at the time of noon
My quadrant, *faith*, I take,
To view my Christ, my sun,
If he the clouds should break,
I'm happy when his face I see,
I know then whereabouts I be.

8 The *Bible* is my chart ;
By it the seas I know ;
I cannot with it part,
It rocks and sands doth show ;
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points forever true.

9 I keep aloof from pride,
Those rocks I pass with care ;
I studiously avoid
The whirlpool of despair ;
Presumption's quicksands too I shun,
Near them I do not choose to run.

10 When through a strait I go,
Or near some coast am drove,

The plummet forth I throw,
 And thus my safety prove ;
 My conscience is the line which I
 Fathom the depths of water by.

11 My vessel would be lost
 In spite of all my care,
 But that the Holy Ghost
 Himself vouchsafes to steer :
 And I through all my voyages will
 Depend upon my steerman's skill.

12 Ere I can reach heav'n's coast,
 I must a gulf pass through,
 Which fatal proves to most ;
 For all this passage go.
 But all death's waves can't me o'erwhelm,
 If God himself is at the helm.

13 When through this gulf I get,
 Though rough it is but short,
 The pilot angels meet,
 And bring me into port :
 And when I land on that blest shore,
 I shall be safe forevermore.

Hymn 34.

Presumption and despair.

1 HATE the tempter and his charms,
 I hate his flatt'ring breath ;
 The serpent takes a thousand forms
 To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
 Or kills with slavish fear ;
 And holds us still in wide extremes,
 Presumption or despair.

3 Now he persuades "how easy 'tis
 "To walk the road to heav'n ;"
 Anon he swells our sins, and cries,

"They cannot be forgiv'n."

4 He bids young sinners, "yet forbear
 "To think of God or death ;
 "For pray'r and true devotion are
 "But melancholy breath."

5 He tells the aged, "they must die,
 "And 'tis too late to pray :
 "In vain for mercy now they cry,
 "For they have lost their day."

6 Thus he supports his cruel throne
 By mischief and deceit,
 And drags the sons of Adam down,
 To darkness and the pit.

7 Almighty God, cut short his pow'r,
 Let him in darkness dwell ;
 And, that he vex the earth no more,
 Confine him down to hell.

HYMN 35.

*The encouragement young persons have to
 seek and love Christ.*

YE hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
 In smiling crowds draw near,
 And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
 A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
 Stoops to converse with you ;
 And lays his radiant glories by,
 Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul, that longs to see my face,
 "Is sure my love to gain ;
 "And those, that early seek my grace,
 "Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
 If once compar'd with thee ?

What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

HYMN 36.

Hoping for a Revival.

WHILE I to grief my soul gave way,
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say,
"Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.

2 "Though for a time I hid my face,
Rely upon my love and pow'r:
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.

3 "Take down thy long neglected harp,
I've seen thy tears, and heard thy pray'r;
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair."

4 Lord, I obey, my hopes revive,
Come join with me, ye saints, and sing;
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

HYMN 37.

The farewell.

DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To sensual bliss that charms us so,
Be dark mine eyes, and deaf my ears.

2 Lord, I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize;
Their paradise shall never waste

One thought of mine, but to despise.

3 All earthly joys are over weigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care :
And where's the sweet that is not laid,
A bait to some destructive snare ?

4 Come, heav'n, and fill my vast desires,
My soul pursues the sov'reign good :
She was all made of heav'nly fires,
Nor can she live on meaner food.

HYMN 38.

A living and a dead faith.

THE Lord receives his highest praise,
From humble minds and hearts sincere,
While all the loud professor says,
Offends the righteous Judge's ear.

2 To walk as children of the day,
To mark his precepts' holy light,
To wage the warfare, watch and pray,
Shew who are pleasing in his sight.

3 Nor words alone it cost the Lord,
To purchase pardon for his own :
Nor will a soul, by grace restor'd,
Rest in mere forms and words alone.

4 Easy indeed it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If watery floods and fluent speech
Might serve, instead of faith and love.

5 But none shall gain the blissful place,
Or God's unclouded glory see ;
Who talk of rich and sov'reign grace,
Unless from sin they are made free.

HYMN 39.

Remembering all the way the Lord has led me.

THUS far my God has led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known ;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Tho' this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home ;
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.

3 Temptations every where annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy ;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

4 My soul, with various tempests toss'd,
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God ?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below ?

6 'Tis even so, thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove :
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

HYMN 40.

Warning and invitation.

VAIN man thy fond pursuits forbear ;
Repent, thy end is nigh ;
Death at the farthest can't be far ;
O ! think before you die.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save ;
Thy sins how high they mount !

What are thy hopes beyond the grave !
How stands that dark account ?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence ;
His time there's none can tell ;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or to hell.

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume !
But ah ! destruction stops not there ;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day, the gospel calls, to-day ;
Sinners it speaks to you,
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.

6 Rich mercy, dearly bought with blood !
How vile soe'er he be ;
Abundant pardon, peace with God ;
All given entirely free.

HYMN 41.

Invitation of the Holy Spirit.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove divine !
Let thy light within me shine ;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me,
Set the burthen'd sinner free ;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart ;
Seal salvation on my heart ;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,

Keep me in the narrow way,
 Fill my soul with joy divine,
 Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

HYMN 42.

Sin and holiness.

WHAT jarring natures dwell within,
 Imperfect grace, remaining sin !
 Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
 Though each by turns my heart assail.

2 Now I complain, and groan and die,
 Now raise my songs of triumph high,
 Sing a rebellious passion slain,
 Or mourn to feel it live again.

3 One happy hour beholds me rise,
 Borne upwards to my native skies,
 While faith assists my soaring flight
 To realms of joy, and worlds of light.

4 Great God, assist me thro' the fight,
 Make me triumphant in thy might ;
 Thou the desponding heart canst raise.
 The victory mine, and thine the praise,

HYMN 43.

*Longing for the divine presence
 under sorrow.*

OH that I knew the secret place, |
 Where I might find my God !
 I'd spread my wants before his face.
 And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
 What sorrows I sustain ;
 How grace decays, and comfort dies,
 And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take,

To wrestle with my God ;
 I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
 And for my Savior's blood.

- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
 And heal my broken bones ;
 He takes the meaning of his saints,
 The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
 And banish every fear ;
 He calls thee to his throne of grace,
 To spread thy sorrows there.
-

HYMN 44.

Benefit of afflictions.

BREAK thro' the clouds, dear Lord and
 Let us perceive thee nigh ! (shine,
 And to each mourning child of thine,
 These gracious words apply.

- 2 "Let not my children slight the stroke,
 I for chastisement send ;
 Nor faint beneath my kind rebuke,
 For I am still their friend.

- 3 "The wicked I perhaps may leave
 Awhile, and not reprove ;
 But all the children I receive,
 I scourge because I love.

- 4 "I see your hearts at present fill'd,
 With grief and deep distress ;
 But soon these bitter seeds shall yield
 The fruits of righteousness."
-

HYMN 45.

Christian love.

LET party names no more
 The christian world o'er spread ;

Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let discord, child of hell !
Be banish'd far away :
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

Hymn 46.

Ye must be born again.

AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
And knew not where to go ;
O'erwhelm'd with sin, with anguish slain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless woe.

2 Amaz'd I stood but could not tell,
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For Death and hell drew near :
I strove indeed, but strove in vain,
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in mine ear.

3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find ;
This fearful truth increas'd my pain,
The sinner must be born again,
And whelm'd my tortur'd mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
 And guilt lay heavy on my soul;
 A vast unwieldly load ;
 Alas ! I read, and saw it plain,
 The sinner must be born again,
 Or drink the wrath of God.

5 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
 How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
 And broke the fowler's snare ;
 Yet when I found this truth remain,
 The sinner must be born again,
 I sunk in deep despair.

6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
 Jesus of Nazareth past that way,
 And felt his pity move ;
 The sinner by his justice slain,
 Now by his grace is born again,
 And sings redeeming love.

7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
 The angels tun'd their harps anew,
 And loftier notes did raise ;
 All hail the Lamb who once was slain,
 Unnumber'd millions born again,
 Will shout thine endless praise.

HYMN 47.

The resolute soldier of the cross.

CHRIST is set on Zion's hill,
 He receiveth sinners still ;
 Who will serve this blessed King,
 Come, enlist, and with me sing ;
 I his soldier sure will be,
 Happy in eternity.

2 I by faith enlisted am,
 In the service of the Lamb ;

Present pay I now receive,
 Future happiness he'll give
I his soldier, &c.

3 Zion's King my captain is,
 Conquest I shall never miss ;
 Let the fiends of hell engage,
 Fret and foam, and roar and rage.
I his soldier, &c.

4 Let the world their forces join,
 With the fiends of hell combine ;
 Greater is my King than they,
 Through him I shall win the day.
I his soldier, &c.

5 Wicked men I scorn to fear,
 Though they persecute me here ;
 True, they may my body kill,
 But my King's on Zion's hill.
I his soldier, &c.

6 What a Captain have I got !
 Is not mine a happy lot ?
 Hear, ye worldings, hear my song,
 This the language of my tongue,
I his soldier, &c.

7 When this life's short space is o'er,
 I shall live, to die no more ;
 Therefore will I take the sword,
 Fight for Jesus Christ my Lord.
I his soldier, &c.

8 Come ye worldings, come, enlist,
 'Tis the voice of Jesus Christ ;
 Whosoever will may come,
 Jesus Christ refuseth none.
I his soldier, &c.

9 Jesus is my Captain's name,
 Now as yesterday, the same ;

In his name I notice give,
All who come he will receive.

I his soldier, &c.

10 Be persuaded, take his pay,
All your sins he'll wash away ;
Now in Jesus' name believe,
Happiness on earth he'll give :
And in heav'n you sure shall be
Happy to eternity.

HYMN 48.

The stripling David.

BY whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliath fought,
And laid the Gittite low ?
No sword or spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.
2 'twas Israel's God and king
Who sent him to the fight,
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright.
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.
3 Who order'd Gideon forth,
To storm th' invader's camp,
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp ?
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown.
4 Oh ! I have seen the day,
When with a single word,
God helping me to say,
My trust is in the Lord,
My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,

Fearless of all that could oppose.

5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness and pride,
How often do they steal
My weapons from my side !
Yet David's Lord and Gideon's friend,
Will help his servants to the end.

HYMN 49.

God's tender care for his afflicted people.

GOD knows his people, hears their groans,
And treasures up their tears ;
Their feeblest services he owns,
Nor suffers long their fears.

2 Their cruel foes who seek their blood,
With their envenom'd darts,
Shall know the saints have all a GOD,
At hand to take their parts.

3 He will avenge their cause with speed,
And raise them from the dust ;
While on th' unfeeling *haters'* head,
Vindictive shame shall rest.

HYMN 50.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee ?
Asham'd of thee whom angels praise ?
Whose glories shine thro' endless days ?

2 Asham'd of Jesus ! sooner far,
Let evening blush to own a star ;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus ! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon ;

'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning star, bids darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend.
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more adore his name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And now may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me.

7 His institutions will I prize,
Take up the cross, the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

HYMN 51.

The sufferings of Christ.

THE Son of man they did betray:
He was condemn'd and led away:
Think, O my soul, on that dread day:

Look on mount Calvary.
Behold him lamb-like led along,
Surrounded by a wicked throng,
Accused by each lying tongue,
And then the Lamb of God they hung
Upon the shameful tree.

2 'Twas thus the glorious sufferer stood,
With hands and feet nail'd to the wood:
From every wound a stream of blood

Came flowing down amain.
His bitter groans all nature shook,

And at his voice the rocks were broke,
 And sleeping saints their graves forsook,
 While spiteful Jews around him mock'd;
 And laughed at his pain.

3 Now hung between the earth & skies ;
 Behold in agony he dies !

O sinners hear his mournful cries,

Come see his torturing pain.

The morning sun withdrew his light,
 Blush'd and refus'd to view the sight :

The azure cloth'd in robes of night :

All nature mourn'd and stood affright,

When Christ the Lord was slain.

4 Hark ! men and angels hear the Son,

He cries for help, but O there's none,

He treads the wine-press all alone,

His garments stain'd with blood.

In lamentations hear him cry :

"Eloi, lama sabachthani !"

Tho' death may close his languid eyes,

He soon will mount the upper skies,

The conquering Son of God.

5 The Jews and Romans in a band,

With hearts like steel around him stand,

And mocking say, "Come save the land,

Come try yourself to free."

A soldier pierc'd him when he dy'd ;

Then healing streams came from his side;

And thus my Lord was crucify'd,

Sinners for you and me.

6 Behold he mounts the throne of state,

He fills the mediatorial seat,

While millions bowing at his feet,

With loud hosannahs tell :

Though he endured exquisite pains,

He led the monster death in chains ;

Ye seraphs raise your loudest strains,
 With music fill bright Eden's plains,
 He's conquer'd death and hell.

7 'Tis done ! The dreadful debt is paid,
 The great atonement now is made.
 Sinners, on him your guilt was laid,
 For you he spilt his blood.
 For you his tender soul did move,
 For you he left the courts above,
 That you the length & bredth might prove,
 And height and depth of perfect love,
 In Christ your smiling God.

8 All glory be to God on high,
 Who reigns enthron'd above the sky ;
 Who sent his son to bleed and die,
 Glory to him be given ;
 While heaven above his praise resounds,
 O Zion sing — his grace abounds ;
 I hope to shout eternal rounds,
 In flaming love that knows no bounds,
 When swallow'd up in heaven.

HYMN 52.

The scoffing thief.

JESUS Christ has power alone,
 To subdue a heart of stone :
 Th' very moment grace is felt,
 Th' hardest hearts begin to melt.

2 When our Lord was crucify'd,
 Two transgressors with him dy'd ;
 One with a blaspheming tongue,
 Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.

3 Thus he spent his latest breath,
 In the very jaws of death :

Dy'd as many others do,
With a Saviour in his view.

4 Th' other being taught by grace,
Saw the danger of his case,
And by faith receiv'd his Lord,
Whom the priests and scribes abhor'd.

5 Saying, Lord remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be,
Soon (his Lord to him replies,)
Thou shalt be in Paradise.

6 This is wondrous grace indeed :
Grace will save in time of need :
Sinners trust in Jesus' name,
He is still the very same.

7 Sinners haste from unbelief :
Think upon the scoffing thief ;
If the gospel you disdain,
Christ for you has dy'd in vain.

8 Jesus Christ was crucify'd,
The believer's ransom's dy'd,
Why, O why will you dispair,
Of a Saviour's tender care ?

HYMN 53.

The saints's wants.

1 I WANT an heart to pray,
To pray and never cease ;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.

2 I want a true regard,
A single steady aim,
Unmov'd by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name.

3 A zealous, just concern,

For thine immortal praise,
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

4 I want with all my heart
Thy pleasure to fulfill ;
To know myself, and what thou art,
And what's thy perfect will.

5 I want — I know not what,
I want my wants to see ;
I want — alas, what want I not,
When Christ is not in me ?

6 This blessing above all
Always to pray I want ;
Out of the depths on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

HYMN 54.

*Christians endangered by the cares of
the world.*

BLESS'D Martha love and joy express'd,
To entertain her heav'nly guest ;
While Mary, ravish'd with her Lord,
Sat at his feet, and heard his word.

2 True love divine, in both the same,
Led each to glorify his name ;
Each met her Lord with joyful heart,
"But Mary chose the better part."

3 While one prepar'd her earthly bread,
The other waited to be fed ;
One toil'd with care to spread a feast,
The other lean'd on Jesu's breast.

4 Both met the favor of their Lord,
His grace for each prepar'd a word ;
While Mary drank full draughts of love,
Grace, careful Martha, did reprove.

5 Thus Christians with the world are vex'd,
 Oft are encumber'd and perplex'd ;
 Vain trifles so engross their thought,
 The one thing needful is forgot.

6 Teach us, dear Lord, that part to choose,
 Which through thy grace we ne'er shall
 Then could we call the world our own, (lose;
 We'd leave it all to see thy throne.

HYMN 55.

The Christian Warfare.

JESUS my king proclaims the war,
 "Awake! the powers of hell are near!
 "Arm with my grace!" I hear him cry,
 "Tis yours to conquer, or to die."

2 Rous'd by the animating sound,
 I cast my eager eyes around ;
 Make haste to gird my armour on,
 And bid each trembling fear be gone.

3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield,
 The word of God, the sword I wield ;
 With sacred truth my loins are girt,
 And holy zeal inspires my heart.

4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight,
 Resolv'd to put my foes to flight ;
 While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
 His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope, in him I trust ;
 His bleeding cross is all my boast :
 Thro' troops of foes he'll lead me on
 To vict'ry, and the victor's crown.

HYMN 56.

The pilgrim's Song.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,

- Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Tow'rd's heav'n thy native place :
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course :
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source :
 So a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face ;
 Upwards tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Fly me riches, fly me cares,
 While I that coast explore ;
 Flat'ring world, with all thy snares,
 Solicit me no more.
- Pilgrims fix not here their home,
 Strangers tarry but a night ;
 When the last dear morn is come,
 They'll rise to joyful light.
- 4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon the Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies :
 There we'll join the heav'nly train,
 Welcom'd to partake the bliss,
 Fly from sorrow and from pain,
 To realms of endless peace,

HYMN 57.

Retirement and meditation.

RETURN, my roving heart, return,
 And chase these shadowy forms no more ;

Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home ;
Retir'd and silent seek them there :
This is the way to overcome,
The way to break the tempter's snare.

3 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

4 Through the recesses of my heart
My search let heav'nly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
'Till all be search'd and purified.

5 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer ;
'Till ev'ry grace shall join to prove,
That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.

HYMN 58.

Spiritual mindedness ; or inward religion.

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below ;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sov'reign virtue know !

2 More needful this, than glitt'ring wealth
Or ought the world bestows ;
Nor reputation food, or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;

And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own !

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

HYMN 59.

Christian Self-denial.

AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee ?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee
Will more than make amends,
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compar'd with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair !

4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Tho' destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain.

HYMN 60.

Gravity and decency.

BEHOLD the sons, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesu's blood !
Are they not born to heav'nly joys,
And shall they stoop to earthly toys ?

2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind ?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play,

To wear out time and waste the day ?

3 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
Well suit the honours of their birth ?

Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire ?

4 Lord, with a heaven-directed eye,
We'll pass these glittering trifles by
O, raise our hearts and passions higher ;
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire.

5 Then we will look on toys below,
With such disdain as angels do ;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To mansions promis'd in the skies.

HYMN 61.

Confession.

AND are we rebels yet
This side of fearful death,
'Tis love immensely great
Which spares our vital breath,
And bears us up from death and hell ;
And yet, alas ! we dare rebel.

2 Our sins are very great,
And aggravating too ;
Against both love and light
Our follies we pursue ;
Which casts contempt on God alone,
And spurns at his tremendous throne.

3 And yet, alas ! we lie
In too much carnal ease,
Contented thus to stay
From Jesus' sweet embrace ;
For sin too much prevails and rules,
With folly in our wretched souls.

4 How can we cease to mourn

O'er this our stupid frame,
 With longing to return,
 Our former love to gain :
 O Lord engage us more to pray,
 To serve thee, and thy will obey.

HYMN 62.

All attainments vain without love.

SHOULD bounteous nature kindly pour

Her richest gifts on me,

Still, O my God, I should be poor,

If void of love to thee.

2 Not shining wit, nor manly sense,

Could make me truly good :

Nor zeal itself could recompense

The want of love to God.

3 Did I possess the gift of tongues,

But were deny'd thy grace,

My loudest words, my loftiest songs

Would be but sounding brass.

4 Though thou shouldst give me heav'nly

Each myst'ry to explain, (skill,

Had I no heart to do thy will,

My knowledge would be vain.

5 Had I so strong a faith, my God,

As mountains to remove,

No faith could do me real good,

That did not work by love.

6 Oh, grant me then this one request,

And I'll be satisfy'd,

That love divine may rule my breast,

And all my actions guide.

HYMN 63.

The wonderful love of Christ.

- COME, let me love, or is my mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice?
I see the blessed fair one bend,
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies!
- 2 Oh! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heav'nly look
Should seek and wish a mortal love!
- 3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt and took my chains.
- 4 Infinite grace! almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!
Jesus the God extends his arms,
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies.
- 5 Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted so,
In groans of an expiring God?
- 6 Again he lives, and spreads his hands;
Hands that were nail'd to torturing smart
"By these dear wounds," saith he; and
And prays to clasp me to his heart. [stands,
- 7 Sure I must love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passions move?
Lord! melt this stubborn heart to tears;
This heart shall yield to death or love.

HYMN 64.

Praying for relief under pressing cares.

- HEAR, Lord I pray, without delay,
And ease my laboring soul;

Huge cares a flood, are scarce withstood ;
Waves o'er my head do roll.

2 O may the hour arrive once more
When my pain'd heart shall rest ;
Much serving kills, with sorrow fills,
O that to live was Christ.

3 What happiness I might possess,
Were I above this world ;
But now, alas ! with little grace,
Along through it I'm hurl'd.

4 I can't live so ; O Lord I know
Thou canst deliverance grant :
I'd all resign, be wholly thine,
And nothing more I want.

HYMN 65.

The resting day.

THIS is a tiresome world, 'tis true,
In which we have a world to do ;
In toil and pain we waste away,
But there remains a resting day.

2 There's no condition here, on earth,
But what has care and labour both ;
But Zion's pilgrims haste away,
To their remaining resting day.

3 And through this tiresome wilderness,
They triumph in redeeming grace ;
And midst their sorrows they can say,
There yet remains a resting day.

4 A few more struggles here with sin,
And then farewell to every pain ;
For heaven our souls shall wing away
To an eternal resting day.

HYMN 66.

The penitent.

I LONG and earnest pant
 To see my Saviour's face,
 Which answers every want
 And makes my joys increase :
 Within his court, O, may I be,
 From sin and all temptations free.

2 Through darksome vallies here,
 I have to steer my way,
 Where Sins and gloomy fear
 Still keep me in dismay :
 When will my sun display his light,
 And banish all the shades of night ?

3 One day beneath the rays
 Of Jesu's light divine,
 Is worth ten thousand days
 Of vanity and sin :
 I of his house would chuse the same,
 Before the highest earthly gain.

4 Christ is my sun and shield,
 My Saviour and my God ;
 My life, my hope is seal'd
 With his atoning blood,
 Who from his children ne'er withholds
 One needful comfort from their souls.

HYMN 67

Sin bewailed.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer pray'r ;
 He himself has bid thee pray,
 Rise and ask without delay.

2 With my burden I begin,
 Lord ! remove this load of sin !

Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord ! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face ;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Shew me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

HYMN 68.

Shocking to be God's enemy.

O Meditate my heart,
The shortness of my time,
That I from hence must part,
In unknown regions climb :
The summons surely soon will come,
When thou my soul must hasten home.

2 Before the judge supreme,
I quickly must appear,
My endless state by him,
I then must surely hear :
To sink in everlasting night,
Or reign in uncreated light.

3 O! then how stands the case,
 'Twixt God and thee my soul?
 Art thou renew'd by grace,
 Or does sin in thee rule?
 If it's by grace, I'm sure of heaven;
 If not, to hell I must be driven.

4 O, can't I humbly say,
 That my Redeemer's mine?
 Have I not felt a ray
 That caus'd my soul to shine?
 Yes, blessed Jesus, thee I claim,
 Although unworthy as I am.

5 Dear Saviour by me stand,
 And be my guard and guide,
 All through this desert land
 Still keep me near thy side,
 Nor let me wandering from thee stray,
 But keep me in the narrow way.

HYMN 69.

Living, moving, and acting all for God.
 LORD what is man! that child of pride!
 That boasts in high degree?
 If left one moment to himself,
 He sinks and where is he?
 2 In thee I live, and move, and am,
 Thou deal'st me out my days;
 Lord as thou dost renew my life,
 Let me renew my praise.
 3 To thee I come, from thee I am,
 And for thee I must be;
 'Tis better for me not to live,
 Than not to live to thee.
 4 This noble and immortal soul
 Thou breathedst into me,

And this my soul shall still breathe forth
Immortal praise to thee.

HYMN 70.

The saints' reply to the world.

- IF** strangers ask the reason why
We do so often meet,
In love to them we do reply,
To wait at Jesus' feet.
- 2** We tell them 'tis our greatest joy,
To meet and sing, and pray ;
The noblest rational employ
Of each succeeding day.
- 3** To man in nature this is strange,
For want of better light ;
There must be an entire change
To worship God aright.
- 4** The worldling down the current goes,
Pursuing earthly joys,
Which like a poisonous fountain flows
In streams of empty noise.
- 5** Ah did you know the joys we feel
In our despised way,
You also would a moment steal
And join to sing and pray.
- 6** But if determin'd still to run
In ruin's mad career,
We must your ways and persons shun,
And, weeping, leave you here.
- 7** We must press forward in the race
Appointed for our feet ; .
And long to see our Saviour's face
Where worship is complete.

HYMN 71.

Bemoaning the lowness of religion.

ALAS! alas, why is it so,
That Jesus cause should run so low?
Is love so cold, and faith so weak,
That none for Jesus now can speak?

2. Where is the love and heavenly zeal,
That christians formerly did feel?
When they did meet and joyful tell
The love of their Emmanuel.

3 Is there no virtue in his cause,
That we do not obey his laws?
Or is there now no saving taste
In Jesus' love and pardoning grace?

4 Once Zion's ways did much rejoice,
While many met with heart and voice,
And fill'd her courts with songs of praise,
And glory crown'd the heavenly lays.

5 Young converts then did praise the Lord,
They sung his praise with one accord,
While older christians caught the flame,
And spake the glory of his name.

6 Not many months have roll'd away
Since we did see a glorious day;
When many did to Jesus bow;
But where are those professors now?

7 Many that did with zeal set out,
And for a while did live devout,
Have turn'd aside to right and left,
But few in Zion's ways are left.

8 Once christians did religion feel,
Abroad, at home, or in the field;
And when they saw each other's face,
Their theme was all redeeming grace.

9 But now so worldly grown are they,
But seldom have a heart to pray ;
The christian is but here and there,
That daily seeks the Lord by prayer.

10 Cut short these days, O Lord, & come,
And bring us humble round thy throne,
And we again shall love thy laws,
Again espouse thy bleeding cause.

HYMN 72.

*The folly of comparing ourselves
with others.*

UNCERTAIN how the way to find,
Which to salvation led,
I listen'd long with anxious mind,
To hear what others said.

2 When some of joys and comforts told,
I fear'd that I was wrong,
For I was stupid, dead and cold,
Had neither joy nor song.

3 The Lord my laboring heart reliev'd,
And made my burden light,
Then for a moment I believ'd,
Supposing all was right.

4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd,
Of anguish and dismay,
Through what distresses they had walk'd,
Before they found the way.

5 Ah ! then I tho't my hopes were vain,
For I had liv'd at ease ;
I wish'd for all my fears again
To make me more like these.

6 I had my wish, the Lord disclos'd
The evils of my heart,
And left my naked soul expos'd

To satan's fiery darts.

7 Alas ! I now must give it up,
I cry'd in deep despair ;
How could I dream of drawing hope
From what I could not bear ?

8 Again my Saviour brought me aid,
And when he set me free,
Trust simply on my word, he said,
And leave the rest to me.

HYMN 73.

Complaining of inconstancy.

THE wandering star and fleeting wind,
Both represent th' unstable mind ;
The morning cloud and early dew
Bring our inconstancy to view.

2 But clouds, & wind, and dew, and star,
Faint and imperfect emblems are ;
Nor can there aught in nature be
So fickle and so false as we.

3 Our outward walk and inward frame,
Scarce thro' a single hour the same ;
We vow and straight our vows forget,
And then those very vows repeat.

4 We sin forsake, to sin return,
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn,
In deep distress, then raptures feel,
We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.

5 With flowing tears, Lord we confess
Our follies and unsteadiness.
When shall these hearts more fixed be,
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd on thee ?

HYMN 74.

A Song of Praise,

NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise ;
With all the Saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

2 All worlds his glorious pow'r confess,
His wisdom all his works express,
But O ! his love, what tongue can tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

3 How sov'reign, merciful and free,
Has been his love to sinful me ;
He pluck'd me from the jaws of hell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

4 I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
And then he undertook my cause ;
To save me tho' I did rebel,
My Jesus has done all things well.

5 And since my soul has known his love,
What blessings hath he made me prove ?
Mercy, which shall all praise excel ;
My Jesus has done all things well.

6 When e'er my Saviour or my God,
Hath on me laid his gentle rod ;
I know in all that has besel,
My Jesus has done all things well.

7 Tho' many flaming fry darts,
Attempt their level at my heart ;
Whith this I all their rage repel—
My Jesus has done all things well.

8 Sometimes the Lord, his face doth hide,
To make me pray, and kill my pride ;
Yet on my heart it still doth dwell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

9 Soon I shall pass this vale of death,
And in his arms shall lose my breath;
Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

10 And when to those bright worlds I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies;
Above the rest, this note shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

HYMN 75.

Christ the Apple-Tree.

THE Tree of life, my soul hath seen,
Laden with fruit, and always green;
The trees of nature, fruitless be,
Compared with Christ, the apple-tree.

2 This beauty doth all things excel,
By faith I know, but ne'er can tell
The glory which I now can see,
In Jesus Christ the apple-tree.

3 For happiness I long have sought,
And pleasure dearly I have bought;
I miss'd for all, but now I see,
Tis found in Christ the apple-tree.

4 I'm weary'd with my former toil,
Here I shall set and rest a while;
Under the shadow I will be,
Of Jesus Christ, the apple-tree.

5 With great delight I'll make my stay,
There's none shall fright my soul away,
Among the sons of men I see,
There's none like Christ, the apple-tree.

6 I'll sit and eat this fruit divine,
It cheers my heart like spiritu'l wine;
And now this fruit is sweet to me,
That grows on Christ, the apple-tree.

7 This fruit doth make my soul to thrive,
 It keeps my dying faith alive;
 Which makes my soul in haste to be
 With Jesus Christ the apple-tree.

HYMN 76.

The Farewell.

FAREWELL, my brethren in the Lord,
 The gospel sounds a Jubilee;
 My stammering tongue shall sound aloud,
 From land to land, from sea to sea;
 And as I preach from place, to place,
 I'll trust alone in God's free grace.

2 Farewell, in bonds and union dear;
 Like strings you twine around my heart;
 I humbly beg your earnest prayer,
 Till we shall meet no more to part —
 Till we shall meet in worlds above,
 Encircled in eternal love.

3 Farewell my earthly friends below,
 Though all so kind and dear to me,
 My Jesus calls, and I must go,
 To sound the gospel Jubilee —
 To sound the joys, and bear the news,
 To Gentile worlds, and royal Jews.

4 Farewell young people one and all;
 While God shall grant me breath to breathe
 I'll pray to the eternal All,
 That your dear souls in Christ may live —
 That your dear souls prepar'd may be,
 To reign in bliss eternally!

5 Farewel to all below the sun;
 And as I pass in tears below,
 The path is strait my feet shall run,
 And God will keep me as I go —

And God will keep me in his hand,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

6 Farewel, farewel ! I look above !
Jesus, my friend, to thee I call ;
My joy, my crown, my only love,
My safeguard here, my heav'nly all ;
My theme to preach, my song to sing,
My only joy till death—Amen.

HYMN 77.

The Saviour's Merit.

SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood,
And my weary, troubled spirit,
Now finds rest with thee, My God,
I am safe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie ;
Sin nor Satan, cannot hurt me,
While my Saviour is so nigh.

2 Glory, glory, glory, glory
Glory be to God on high,
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praises thro' the sky ;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the Father give,
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praises all that live !

3 Now I'll sing my Saviour's merit—
Tell the world of his dear name,
That if any want his spirit,
He is still the very same.
He that asketh, soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find ;
Whoso'er on him believeth,
He will never cast behind.

4 Glory, glory, glory, glory,

Glorious Christ of Heav'nly birth ;
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Sing his praises through the earth ;
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glory, to the spirit be.
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 To the sacred one in three.

5 Now our advocate is pleading
 With his father, and our God
 And for us is interceding,
 As the purchase of his blood ;
 Now methinks I hear him praying,
 Father ! save them—I have died ;
 And the father answers saying,
 They are freely justified.

6 Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
 Worthy is the Lamb of God,
 Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
 Who lov'd and wash'd us in his blood ;
 Holy, holy, holy, holy,
 Holy is the Lord of Hosts,
 Holy, holy, holy, holy,
 Father, son, and holy Ghost,

7 Soon we hope to sing more sweetly,
 At the marriage of the Lamb,
 When his bride is dress'd completely,
 For to celebrate the same ;
 O what shouts shall then be ringing
 Round the throne of God most high,
 And what sweet, melod'ous singing
 Then shall echo thro' the sky.

8 Glory, honor and thanksgiving,
 Be unto the Lord our king ;
 O let every creature living
 The Redeemer's praises sing :
 Allelujah ! Allelujah !

Now the Lord Jehovah reigns ;
Allelujah ! Allelujah !

Sing his praise in highest strains,
9 Blessed, blessed, blessed, blessed,
Blessed be the God of Heav'n,
Blessed, blessed, blessed, blessed,
Who has all our sins forgiv'n ;
Praised, praised, praised, praised,
Praised be his holy name,
Praised, praised, praised, praised,
Now and evermore amen.

HYMN 78.

The Soldier of the Cross.

AM I a Soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
Why should I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?
2 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help us unto God ?
3 Should I be carry'd to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease ?
While others fight to win the prize,
And sail thro' bloody seas ?
4 Yes, I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage Lord,
To bear the cross, endure the shame,
Supported by thy word.
5 The saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer tho' they die ;
They see a triumph from afar,
And see it with their eye.
6 When that illustrious day shall rise,

And all their armies shine ;
 With robes of vict'ry thro' the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 79.

An Evening Hymn.

THE day is past and gone,
 The evening shades appear ;
 O may we all remember well
 The night of death draws near.
 2 We lay our garments, by,
 Upon our beds to rest ;
 So death will soon disrobe us all,
 Of what we here possess.
 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears ;
 May angels guard us while we sleep,
 Till morning light appears.
 4 And when we early rise,
 And view the unwearied sun,
 May we set out to win the prize
 And after glory run.
 5 And when our days are past,
 And we from time remove,
 O ! may we in thy bosom rest,
 The bosom of thy love.

HYMN 80.

A Hymn for young Converts.

METHINKS I hear my Saviour call ;
 His pleasant voice doth say ;
 "From tents of ease, and sin, and thrall,"
 "My fair one come away."
 2 God's spirit doth his saints adorn

- Like clusters on the vine ;
 O 'tis a bright and glorious morn,
 To see their graces shine.
- 3 Dear Saviour, here I panting lie,
 And long to see thy face ;
- O Lord, I pray do not deny,
 A visit of thy grace.
- 4 Dear Saviour come, sweet Jesus come,
 I long to hear thy voice ;
 Jesus ride on, thy power assume,
 And make thy saints rejoice.
- 5 How long shall that bright hour delay,
 When will my Lord appear ?
 I long to see that happy day,
 When Jesus will draw near.
- 6 O how I long to take my flight,
 My soul is on the wing ;
 I long to see my heart's delight,
 And be with Christ my King.
- 7 Most gracious King, I love thy name,
 I long for to adore ;
 I long to sound thy gracious fame,
 Upon the blissful shore.
- 8 Then let my soul absorbed be,
 While God doth me surround :
 As a small drop in the vast sea,
 Is lost and can't be found.
- I long thy coming to behold,
 Then shall thy saints adore ;
 My ardent wishes can't be told,
 So I can say no more.

HYMN 81.

The heavenly Jerusalem.
JERUSALEM, my happy home.

O how I long for thee !
 When will my sorrows have an end ?
 Thy joys when shall I see ?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stones,
 Most glorious to behold ;
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl
 Thy streets are pav'd with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant green
 My study long have been ;
 Such sparkling light, by human sight
 Has never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
 Why should I stay from thence ?
 What folly 'tis that I should dread
 To die and go from hence.

5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of
 And cause me to ascend ; (grace,
 Where congregation ne'er breaks up,
 And sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus my love to glory's gone,
 Him will I go and see,
 And all my brethren here below
 Will soon come after me.

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
 I leave you in God's care ;
 And if I never more see you,
 Go on, I'll meet you there.

8 There we shall meet no more to part,
 And heav'n shall ring with praise,
 While Jesus' love in every heart
 Shall tune the song, free grace.

9 Millions of years around me run,
 Our song shall still go on ;
 To praise the father and the son,

And spirit three in one.

10 When we've been there a thousand
Bright shining as the sun, [years,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

HYMN 82.

Christian under darkness.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see ;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds & sweet flow'rs
Have lost all their sweetness to me.

2 The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
But when I am happy in him,
December is pleasant as May.

3 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice :
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.

4 I should view him always thus nigh :
Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

5 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign ;
No changes of seasons or place,
Would make any change in my mind.

6 While bless'd with a sense of his love
A palace of joy would appear ;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

7 Lord if I indeed now am thine
And thou art my sun and my song :
Say why do I languish and pine,

And why is my winter so long ?

3 O drive those dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore,
Or take me unto thee on high
Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN 83.

The enjoyments of heaven.

THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord we love.
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

2 No more fatigue; no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break our long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred light, eternal noon.

HYMN 84.

A morning hymn.

NOW the shades of night are gone ;
Now the morning light is come ;
Lord, we would be thine to day,
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Make our souls as noon-day clear,
Banish every doubt and fear ;
In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day
We would labour, we would pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound,
Rising up and setting down ;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past
 O ! receive us then at last :
 Labour then will all be o'er,
 Night of sin will be no more.

HYMN 85.

For baptism.

COME ye redeemed of the Lord,
 Come and obey his sacred word,
 He dy'd and rose again for you,
 What more could the Redeemer do ?

2 We to this place are come to shew
 What we to boundless mercy owe ;
 The Saviour's footsteps to explore
 And tread the path he trod before.

3 Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 On these baptismal waters move ;
 That we thro' energy divine,
 May have the substance in the sign.

HYMN 86.

On the swiftness of time.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
 Fly rapid, like the whirling spheres,

Around the steady pole :
 Time, like a tide, its moment keeps,
 Till I shall launch these boundless deeps,
 Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
 How swift the moments pass between,
 And whisper as they fly ;
 Unthinking man ! remember this,
 Thou, 'midst thy sublunary bliss
 Must groan, and gasp, and die !

3 My soul attend the solemn call,
 Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,

And thou must take the flight ;
 Beyond the vast extensive blue,
 To love and sing as Angels do,
 Or sink in endless night.

4 Eternal bliss, eternal woe
 Hangs on this inch of time below—
 On this precarious breath,
 The God of Nature only knows
 Whether another year shall close
 Ere I expire in death.

5 Long ere the sun shall run its round,
 I may be bury'd under ground,
 And there in silence rot !
 Alas ! one hour may close the scene,
 And ere twelve months may roll between
 My name be quite forgot.

6 But shall my soul be then extinct,
 Or cease to live, or cease to think ?
 It cannot, cannot be ;

Thou, my immortal cannot die,
 What wilt thou do, or whither fly
 When death shall set thee free ?

7 Will mercy then its arm extend ?
 Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,
 And Heav'n thy dwelling place ?
 Or shall insulting fiends appear
 To drag thee down to dark despair,
 Beyond the reach of grace ?

8 A heaven or hell or these alone,
 Beyond this mortal life are known—
 There is no middle state ;
 To-day attend the call divine,
 To-morrow may be none of thine,
 Or it may be too late.

9 O ! do not pass this life in dreams,

Vast is the charge, what e'er it seems
 To poor unthinking men :
 Lord, at thy footstool I would bow,
 Bid conscience tell me plainly now,
 What it will tell me then.

10 If in destruction's road I stray,
 Help me to chuse the better way,
 Which leads to joys on high ;
 Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
 Nor let me ever dare to live
 Such as I dare not die.

HYMN 87.

The day of grace.

THE Lord into his garden comes,
 The spices yield their rich perfumes,
 The lilies grow and thrive ;
 Refreshing showers of grace divine,
 From Jesus flows the living vine,
 And make the dead revive.

2 O that this dry and barren ground,
 In springs of water may abound,
 And fruitful soil become ;
 The desert blossom as the rose,
 When Jesus conquers all his foes,
 And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,
 The gracious work is now begun,
 My soul a witness is ;
 I taste and see the pardon free,
 For all mankind as well as me,
 Who come to Christ may live.

5 The worst of sinners here may find,
 A Saviour pitiful and kind,
 Who will them all receive ;

None are too late who will repent,
 Out of one sinner legions went,
 Jesus did him relieve.

5 Come brethren you that love the Lord,
 And taste the sweetness of his word,
 In Jesus' ways go on ;
 Our troubles and our trials here,
 Will only make us richer there,
 When we arrive at home.

6 We feel that heaven is now begun,
 It issues from a sparkling throne,
 From Jesus' throne on high ;
 It comes like floods we can't contain,
 We drink and drink, and drink again,
 And yet we still are dry,

7 But when we come to reign above,
 And all surround a throne of love,
 We drink a full supply ;
 Jesus will lead his armies through,
 To living fountains where they flow,
 That never will run dry.

8 'Tis there we'll reign & shout and sing,
 And make the upper regions ring,
 When all the saints get home ;
 Come on, come on my brethren dear
 Soon we shall meet together there,
 For Jesus bids us come.

9 Amen amen my soul replies,
 I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
 And claim my mansion there ;
 Now here's my heart and here's my hand,
 To meet you in the heavenly land,
 Where we shall part no more.

HYMN 88.

The bold Pilgrim.

COME all ye Pilgrim travellers,
 Who're bound to Canaan's land,
 Take courage and fight valliantly,
 Stand fast with sword in hand.

2 Our glorious Captain's gone before,
 And open'd all the way ;
 And by his arms and livery,
 We're sure to win the day.

3 We trace a howling wilderness,
 For Cannan's peaceful shore,
 A land of drought and pits we pass,
 Where threatning tempests roar.

4 But Jesus kindly has engag'd,
 To lead us in the way ;
 If enemies examine us,
 He'll teach us what to say.

5 Good morning brother traveller,
 Pray tell me what's your name,
 Also the the place you're going to,
 And that from whence you came.

6 My name it is bold Pilgrim, yes
 To Canaan I am bound ;
 I'm from the howling wilderness,
 And the enchanted ground.

7 Pray what is that upon your head,
 That shines so clear and bright ;
 And what the covering on your breast,
 So dazzling to my sight !

8 What kind of shoes are those you wear,
 On which you boldly stand ;
 Likewise that shining instrument
 You bear in your right hand ?

- 9 My helmet it is glorious hope,
And faith is my bright shield ;
The spirit's sword I've drawn to fight
Until I win the field.
- 10 My feet are shod with gospel peace,
On which I boldly stand ;
Resolv'd to fight until I die,
To win fair Canaan's land.
- 11 You'd better stay with me young man,
And give your journey o'er ;
Your Captain he is out of sight,
His face you'll see no more.
- 12 My name it is Apollyon,
This land belongs to me,
And for your arms and Pilgrim's dress,
I'll give it all to thee.
- 13 No, no, replies the Pilgrim bold,
Your offers I disdain ;
For glittering crowns more rich than gold,
I shortly shall obtain.
- 14 Laid up they are for faithful ones,
Who love their Lord's command ;
I there shall shortly be with him,
T' enjoy the promis'd land.

HYMN 89.

The good Physician

HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole !
There is but one Physician
Can cure the sin-sick soul !
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light compar'd to sin ;
On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within ;
'Tis palsy, plague and fever,
And madness, all combin'd ;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain ;
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain :
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost ;
Thus every refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician,
How matchless is his grace ;
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case ;
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had seal'd ;
Then bade me look unto him ;
I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by an eye of faith ;
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death ;
Come then to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give ;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—*look and love.*

HYMN 90.

Union.

ATTEND, ye saints, and hear me tell,
 The wonders of Immanuel;
 He sav'd me from a burning hell,
 And brought my soul with him to dwell,
 And feel a blessed *Union*.

2 At first he saw me from on high,
 Beheld my soul in ruin lie;
 He look'd on me with pitying eye,
 And said to me as he pass'd by,
 With God you have no *Union*.

3 Then I began to mourn and cry,
 I look'd this way and that to fly;
 It griev'd me sore that I must die,
 And strove salvation for to buy—
 But still I had no *Union*.

4 But when my Saviour took me in,
 And with his blood did wash me clean,
 'Twas then I hated every sin;
 And O! what seasons I have seen,
 E'er since I felt this *Union*.

5 I prais'd the Lord both night and day,
 From house to house I went to pray;
 And if I met one on the way,
 I always had some word to say,
 About this blessed *Union*.

6 I wonder why old saints don't sing,
 And praise the Lord upon the wing,
 And make the heavenly arches ring,
 With loud hosannas to their King,
 Who brought their souls to *Union*.

7 O come, backsliders, come away,

And learn to do as well as say ;
 And mind to watch as well as pray ;
 Come, bear your cross from day to day,
 And then you'll feel the *Union*.

8 Soon we shall break all nature's ties,
 On wings of love our souls shall rise,
 And shout salvation through the skies,
 And gain the mark and win the prize,
 And feel a heav'nly *Union*.

9 Then every saint that's here below,
 Will leave these climes of pain and wo ;
 And they will home to glory go ;
 And there they'll hear and see and know,
 And feel this perfect *Union*.

10 There we the glorious Lamb shall see
 Who groan'd and dy'd upon the tree,
 For sinners such as you and me ;
 That we might his salvation see,
 And feel a heav'nly *Union*.

11 When we recount life's dangers o'er,
 And view the labours which we bore ;
 And see ourselves safe on the shore,
 With love our conqu'ror we'll adore,
 And feel increasing *Union*.

12 When countless years have roll'd away,
 Our vigour suffering no decay,
 We'll all as one with rapture say,
 We still remember well the day,
 Our souls first felt this *Union*.

13 Reign, glorious Jesus, reign on high,
 'Tis thee that brought us rebels nigh ;
 We'll shout redemption through the sky,
 And praise thee to eternity,
 For such a glorious *Union*.

14 The hosts of heav'n shall all agree,

In purest strains of symphony ;
 And shout eternal glory be,
 To three in one, and one in three,
 Crying, O this glorious *Union*.

HYMN 91.

On Judgement.

SEE the eternal Judge decending,
 Seated on his father's throne ;
 Now poor sinners, Christ will shew you,
 That he is th' eternal son,
 Trumpets call you, trumpets call you,
 Come and hear your awful doom.

2 Hear the sinner thus lamenting,
 At the thought of future pain,
 Cries and tears he's now a venting ;
 But he cries and weeps in vain,
 Greatly mourning, &c. &c.
 That he ne'er was born again.

3 Yonder sits my dying Saviour,
 With the marks of bleeding love,
 O! that I had sought his favour,
 When I felt his spirit move,
 Dam'd I'm justly, &c. &c.
 For against him I have strove.

4 All his warnings I have slighted,
 While he daily sought my soul,
 If some vows to him I plighted,
 Yet for sin I've broke them all,
 Golden moments, &c. &c.
 How neglected they did roll.

5 Yonder sets a godly neighbour,
 Who was once dispis'd by me,
 Now he's clad in dazzling splendor ;
 Waiting my sad fate to see,

Farewell neighbour, &c. &c.
 Dismal gulf I'm bound to thee.

6 Hail ye ghosts that dwell in darkness,
 Groans and ratlings of your chains,
 Christ the Judge denounce'd my sentence,
 For to dwell in endless pains ;
 Down I'm rolling, &c. &c.
 Never to return again.

7 Now experience plainly shews me,
 Hell is not a fable thing ;
 Now I see my friends in glory,
 Round the throne they sweetly sing,
 I'm tormented, &c. &c.
 With a never dying sting.

8 For the sins I once committed,
 Now the curse of God I bear,
 And the duties I neglected,
 Such as faith, repentance, prayer,
 With the damned, &c. &c.
 A sure fate with them I share.

9 Oh ! ye sinners now take warning,
 Flee the wrath which is to come ;
 Cease ye scornful men your scorning,
 Shun the wicked ! awful doom ;
 Now cry mercy, &c. &c.
 Come Lord Jesus quickly come.

HYMN 92.

A Crum for Pilgrims.

GO on ye pilgrims while below,
 In the sure paths of peace ;
 Determin'd nothing else to know,
 But Jesus and his grace.

2 Observe your leader, follow him ;
 He thro' this world has been ;

Often revil'd, but like a lamb,
Did ne'er revile again.

3 O take the pattern he has giv'n,
And love your enemies ;
And learn the only way to heav'n,
Thro' self denial lies.

4 Remember you must watch and pray,
While journeying on the road ;
Lest you should fall out by the way,
And wound the cause of God.

5 Contend for nothing but the fruit,
That feeds th' immortal mind ;
For fruitless leaves no more dispute,
But leave them to the wind.

6 Go on rejoicing night and day,
Your crown is yet before ;
Defy the trials of your way,
The storm will soon be o'er.

HYMN 93.

*The Christian's Invitation and
Determination.*

COME now poor sinners, share a part,
And give the blessed Christ your heart ;
Come we will take you by the hand,
Come, go with us to Canaan's land.

2 Leave all your carnal loves and toys,
And seek with us those solid joys ;
For soon in glory we shall rise,
And there enjoy the lasting prize.

3 But if with such ye will not go,
And seek this Jesus for to know ;
Then we must bid you all adieu,
For by his grace we'll him pursue.

HYMN 94.

The Pressure of Sin.

O THAT my load of sin was gone—
 O that I could at last submit,
 At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
 To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 When shall mine eyes behold the lamb,
 The God of my salvation see?

Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am,
 Yet still I cannot come to thee.

3 Rest for my soul I long to find;
 Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
 And stamp thine image on my heart.

4 I would (but thou must give the pow'r)
 My heart was from its sins releas'd:

O let me see that happy hour,
 'Twill fill my soul with heav'nly peace.

5 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
 Let not my Jesus long delay,
 Appear in my poor heart, appear,
 My God, my Saviour, come away.

HYMN 95.

The returning penitent.

WEARY of struggling with my pain,
 Hopeless to burst my nature's chain;
 Hardly I give the contest o'er,
 I seek to free myself no more.

2 From my own works at last I cease—
 God that creates must seal my peace:
 Fruitless my toil and vain my care,
 And all my fitness is despair.

3 Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin but cannot feel;
I cannot till thy spirit blow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.

4 'Tis thine, a heart of flesh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive ;
Here then to thee I will resign,
To draw, redeem and seal it thine.

5 With simple truth, to thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all ;
I wait the moving of the pool—
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

6 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure ;
Peace, righteousness and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart.

HYMN 96.

Hymn for Baptism.

LET heav'n and earth rejoice,
And sacred anthems raise,
To father son and holy ghost,
For free and sov'reign grace.
2 Behold the spotless lamb,
Descending from above,
To bring the earthly strangers home,
Upon the wings of love.

3 O may our souls rejoice,
His precepts to obey ;
Who to fulfil all righteousness,
Mark'd out the humble way.

4 Thus Jesus did descend,
Into the liquid stream ;
Which teaches sinner's not to scorn,
What him so well became.

5 O may we then march on,
Nor fear what men shall say ;
Deny ourselves and take our cross,
Since Jesus leads the way.

5 We dare no longer stand,
As neuters to thy cause :
But by the help of grace, we'll yield
Obedience to thy laws.

7 Into the wat'ry tomb,
We cheerfully descend,
In token of our faith and love,
To our celestial friend.

8 Lord meet us here this day,
Who come to do thy will ;
Grant us thy presence, dearest Lord,
Thy promis'd grace fulfill.

9 Descend, O heav'nly dove,
And wing our souls away,
Up to that bright and happy shore
Of everlasting day.

10 This day I'll make my choice
To serve the Lord most high ;
Deny myself take up the cross,
And do it cheerfully.

HYMN 97.

Prayer.

PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God design'd to give ;
Long as they live should christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

2 The christian's pray'r 'tis God indites,
He speaks as prompted from within,
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy pray'r
My soul thou hast a friend on high,
Arise and try thy interest there.

4 If pains afflict, if wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, if fears dismay,
If guilt dejects, if sins distress,
Thy remedy's before thee — pray.

5 It's prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Tho' thoughts be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

6 Depend on him, thou canst not fail,
Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
Fear not, his mercies must prevail,
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

HYMN 98.

The good Shepard.

LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come and bid our jarring cease ;
Come, O come and reign forever,
God of love and Prince of peace :
Visit now thy precious Zion,
See thy people mourn and weep,
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come good shepard feed thy sheep.

2 Many follow men's inventions,
And submit to human laws ;
Hence divisions and contentions
Sully the Redeemer's cause ;
Hence we suffer persecution,
While the foolish virgins sleep ;
All is uproar and confusion,

Come good shepard feed thy sheep.

3 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas, none agree ;

Jesus let us hear thee call us,
Help us, Lord, to follow thee :

Then we'll rush through what encumbers
Every hindrance overleap,

Fearing not their force or numbers,

Come good shepard feed thy sheep.

4 Lord, in us thers is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth,
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
That shall teach us all thy truth :

On the gospel word we'll venture,

Till in death's cold arms we sleep,

Love's our bond and Christ's our centre,

Come good shepard feed thy sheep.

5 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,
Persecution we'll not fear,

Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us

Whilst our loving shepard's near :

Glory, glory be to Jesus,

At his name our hearts do leap,

He both comforts us and frees us,

The good shepard feeds his sheep.

6 Hear the Prince of your salvation,
Saying fear not little flock,

I myself am your foundation,

Ye are built upon this rock :

Shun the path of vice and folly,

Lest you sink into the deep,

Look to me and be ye holy,

I delight to feed my sheep.

7 Christ alone our souls shall rest on,

Taught by him we own his name,

Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
 How it doth our hearts enflame !
 Glory, glory, give him glory,
 Strong is he and he will keep,
 He will clear our way before us,
 The good shepard feeds his sheep.

HYMN 99.

Preaching.

MY Master calls, I haste away,
 With friends no longer I can stay ;
 To distant regions now depart,
 With earthly comforts I must part.

2 To preach the gospel I am sent ;
 In calling sinners to repent,
 And holding forth my blessed Lord,
 I have a thousand-fold reward.

3 When I my Saviour's smiles enjoy,
 I crave no happier employ ;
 My toil is light, my labour sweet —
 I range the earth with willing feet.

4 Yet, O, how loth I often am
 To go and spread my Jesus' fame !
 Through it what bitterness I've seen,
 In death and darkness long have been.

5 It is alone through grace I stand,
 Dependent on my Leader's hand ;
 Or I a cast-away should be ;
 And lose the crown awaiting me.

6 Once more, my soul, fresh courage take,
 And never more the work forsake,
 But sound the Jubile trump aloud,
 Thy helper is th' eternal GOD.

HYMN 100.

Invitation to Sinners.

SINNERS obey the gospel word,
Haste to the support of your Lord ;
Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the father is to own,
And kiss his late returning son ;
Ready the loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the spirit of his love,
Just now the stony heart to move :
T' apply and witness with his blood,
And wash and seal you, sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate :
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 Come then, ye sinners, to the Lord,
To happiness, in Christ restor'd ;
His proffer'd benefits embrace.
The plentitude of gospel grace.

6 O quit this world's delusive charms,
And quickly fly to Jesus' arms ;
Wrestle until your God is known,
Till you can call the Lord your own.

HYMN 101.

Humble trust, or despair prevented.

LORD didst thou die, but not for me,
Am I forbid to trust thy blood ?
Is not thy pardon rich and free,
Seal'd in the kind atoning blood ?

2 Who then shall drive my trembling soul
From thee to regions of despair ?

Who has survey'd the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there ?

3 Presumptuous thought ! to fix or bound,
To limit mercy's sovereign reign ;
What other happy souls have found,
I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.

4 I own my guilt, my sins confess,
Can men or devils make them more ?
Of crimes already numberless,
Vain the attempt to swell the score.

5 Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember thou hast dy'd,
'Twould only urge my speedier flight
To seek salvation at thy side.

6 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down,
To thee reveal my guilt and fear,
And if thou spurn me from thy throne,
I'll be the first who perish'd there.

HYMN 102.

Submission.

O Lord my best desires fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ;
Or tremble at the gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears ?

3 No let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

- 4 Thy favour all my journey through,
 Thou art engag'd to grant ;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
 Shall I resist them both ?
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crush'd before the moth.
- 6 But, ah ! my inward spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway,
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
 Drives all these thoughts away.

HYMN 103.

Will ye also go away.

- WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
 (Alas what numbers do,)
 Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
 Wilt thou forsake me too ?
- 2 Ah, Lord, with such a heart as mine,
 Unless thou hold me fast,
 I feel I must, I shall decline,
 And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast power I know,
 To save a wretch like me ;
 To whom or whither should I go,
 If I should turn from thee ?
- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd,
 Thou art the Christ of God ;
 Who hast eternal life secur'd,
 By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men and angels join'd,
 Could never reach my case ;
 Nor can I hope relief to find,
 But in thy boundless grace.

- 6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart,
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.
- 7 What anguish has that question stir'd,
If I will also go ?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer No.
-

HYMN 104.

The longsuffering and patience of God.

- LORD, and am I yet alive !
Not in torment, not in hell !
Still doth thy good Spirit strive,
With the chief of sinners dwell.

*Tell it unto sinners tell,
I am, I am out of hell !*

- 2 Yes, I still lift up my eyes —
Will not of thy love despair ;
Still in spite of sin I rise,
Still I bow to thee in prayer.

Tell it, &c.

- 3 O the length and breadth of love !
Jesus, Saviour can it be !
All thy mercies' height I see,
All the depth is seen in me.

Tell it, &c.

- 4 See a bush that burns with fire,
Unconsumed amid the flame ;
Turn aside the sight t'admire,
I the living wonder am.

Tell it, &c.

- 5 See a stone that hangs in air,
See a spark in ocean live ,
Kept alive with death so near,

I to God the glory give.
Ever tell, to sinners tell,
I am, I am out of hell.

HYMN 105.

Penitential sighs.

FATHER at thy call I come,
 In thy bosom there is room,
 For a guilty soul to hide,
 Press'd with grief on every side.

2 Here I make my piteous moan,
 Thou canst understand a groan ;
 Here my sins and sorrows tell,
 What I feel thou knowest well.

3 Ah how foolish I have been
 To obey the voice of sin,
 To forget thy love to me,
 And to break my vows to thee.

4 Darkness fills my trembling soul,
 Floods of sorrow o'er me roll ;
 Pity, Father pity me,
 All my hope's alone in thee.

5 But, my soul, a wretch as I,
 Self-condemn'd and doom'd to die,
 Ever hope to be forgiven,
 And be smil'd upon by heaven ?

6 May I round thee cling and twine,
 Call myself a child of thine,
 And presume to claim a part
 In a tender Father's heart ?

7 Yes I may, for I espy
 Pity trickling from thine eye,
 'Tis a Father's bowels move,
 Move with pardon and with love.

8 Well I do remember too

What his love hath deign'd to do,
How he sent a Saviour down,
All my follies to atone.

9 Has my elder brother dy'd !

And is justice satisfy'd !

Why, O why should I despair
Of my Father's tender care ?

HYMN 106.

Christ All-Sufficient.

LORD, whither shall I flee,
That I may be secure ;

The law proclaims destruction near,
And thunders round me roar.

2 My guilty conscience speaks,
And tells me of my crime ;

How foolish I have spent my days,
And wasted all my time.

3 And Satan he presents
That 'tis too late to pray ;

The time and means of grace are spent,
And I have lost my day.

4 Now horrors seize my mind,
With darkness and despair,

I must be driven from earth to hell,
To where the damned are.

5 These thought distress my mind,
And I am fill'd with fear ;

While I am held in hard suspense,
Presumption and despair.

6 If I continue here,
I certain shall be lost ;

If I go back to sin again,
Damnation will be just.

7 I'll risk my eternal all—

I'll prostrate on the ground,
Dear Jesus, for one sov'reign word,
To heal my mortal wound.

8 Unto thy feet I fall,
And sov'reign mercy crave ;
Dear Jesus, thou and thou alone,
Art able for to save.

9 And whilst the Lord delays,
My heart begins to break ;
Yet suddenly some joys I feel,
I hear a Saviour speak.

10 "Cheer up for I have dy'd,
"My precious blood is spilt ;
"Behold my flowing crimson stream,
"To wash away your guilt."

11 My fears and grief and guilt,
Did instantly depart,
Strange and surprizingly I felt,
Wrapt in my Saviour's heart.

12 Strangely my state was chang'd,
And I began to sing ;
All glory to the God of love,
Who doth such sweetness bring.

13 I'll praise thee while I live—
I'll praise thee when I die—
I'll praise thee when I rise again,
And to eternity.

HYMN 107.

The Christian's Enquiry.

'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought :
Do I love the Lord, or no ?
Am I his, or am I not ?

2 If I love, why am I thus ?

Why this dull and lifeless frame?
 Hardly sure can they be worse,
 Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
 Pray'r a task and burden prove,
 Every trifle give me pain,
 If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn mine eyes within,
 All is darkness vain and wild;
 Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
 Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mix'd with all I do;
 You that love the Lord indeed,
 Tell me—is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall;
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all?

7 Should I joy his saints to meet,
 Chuse the way I once abhor'd;
 Find at times the promise sweet,
 If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord decide this doubtful case,
 Thou who art thy people's sun,
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If indeed it be begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I'll pray:
 If I have not lov'd before,
 Help me to begin this day.

HYMN 108.

To close Publick Worship.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,

Help us to feed upon thy word :
 All that has been amiss forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.

2 Tho' we are evil, thou art good ;
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
 Give every fettered soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

3 O ! let a lasting union join,
 My soul to Christ, the living vine ;
 And saints below and saints above,
 Join'd by his spirit and his love.

HYMN 109.

O FOR a sweet inspiring ray
 To animate our feeble strains ;
 From the bright realms of endless,
 The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.

2 There low before his glorious throne,
 Adoring saints and angels fall ;
 And with delightful worship own, (all.
 His smiles their bliss, their heav'n their

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
 While sounding hallelujahs rise,
 And love and joy, and triumph spread,
 Thro' all the regions of the skies.

4 He smiles, & seraphs tune their songs,
 To boundless rapture while they gaze ;
 Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
 Resound his everlasting praise.

HYMN 110.

A Hymn for a young Convert.

WHEN converts first begin to sing,
 Their happy souls are on the wing ;
 Their theme is all redeeming love,

Fain would they be with Christ above.

2 With admiration they behold,
The love of Christ which can't be told,
They view themselves upon the shore,
And think the battle all is o'er.

3 They feel themselves quite free from
And think their enemies are slain ; (pain,
They make no doubt but all is well,
And Satan is gone down to hell.

4 They wonder why old saints don't sing
And make the heavenly arches ring —
Ring with melodious joyful sound,
Because a prodigal is found.

5 But 'tis not long before they feel
Their feeble souls begin to reel ;
They think their former hopes were vain,
For they are bound in Satan's chain.

6 The morning that did shine so bright,
Is turned to the shades of night ;
Their hearts that did with music ring
Are now untun'd in every string.

7 O, foolish child, why didst thou boast,
In the enlargement of thy coast ?
Why didst thou think to fly away,
Before thou leav'st this feeble clay ?

8 Come take up arms and face the field,
Come gird on harness, sword and shield ;
Stand fast in faith, fight for your king,
And soon the victory you shall win.

9 When Satan comes to tempt your minds,
Then meet him with these blessed lines--
That Christ our Lord has swept the field,
And we're determin'd not to yield.

HYMN 111.

Christ's sufferings.

THRO'OUT the Saviour's life we trace,
 Nothing but shame and deep disgrace,
 No period else is seen ;
 Till he a spotless victim fell,
 Tasting in soul a painful hell,
 Caus'd by the creature's sin.

2 On the cold ground methinks I see
 My Jesus kneel and pray for me ;
 For this I him adore :

Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,
 Blood drops did force their passage out
 Through every opening pore.

3 A crown of thorns his temples bore,
 His back with lashes all was tore,
 Till one the bones might see ;
 Mocking they push'd him here and there,
 Marking his way with blood and tears,
 Press'd by sin's heavy tree.

4 Thus up the hill he painful came,
 Round him they mock'd and made their
 At length his cross they rear— [game ;
 And can you see the mighty God,
 Cry out beneath sin's heavy load,
 Without one thankful tear ?

5 Thus veiled in humanity,
 He dies with anguish on the tree ;
 What tongue his grief can tell ?
 The shuddering rocks their heads decline,
 The morning sun refus'd to shine,
 When the Redeemer fell.

6 Shout, brethren, shout with songs div-
 He drank the gall to give us wine, (ine,
 To quench our parching thirst :
 Seraphs advance your voices higher,

Bride of the Lamb unite the choir,
And laud your precious Christ.

HYMN 112.

On Baptism.

- IN the Lord's word, left on record,
Expressly it is said,
They did repair where solemn prayer
Was wont for to be made.
- 2 In pleasure sweet here we do meet,
Down by the water side ;
And here we stand by Christ's command
To wait upon his bride.
- 3 Now we will sing to Christ our king,
Our souls shall give him thanks ;
Who came to Jordan unto John,
And went down Jordan's bank.
- 4 With one accord we'll bless the Lord,
Who in his word doth say,
That he that dy'd, he was baptiz'd,
And marked out the way.
- 5 Now we do tell our friends farewell,
To practice his commands ;
It is the road that leads to God,
The way to Canaan's land.
- 6 Our king did stand and give command,
Who sent his servants forth,
To call to all of Adam's fall,
They went from South to North.
- 7 Ye sinners all come hear the call,
His loving truth embrace,
That you may stand on Canaan's land,
And see him face to face.
- 8 That all may join, in heart combine,
And lift his name on high ;

That all may sing to Christ our king,
A long eternity.

HYMN 113.

The Union.

FROM whence doth this Union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansion above.

4 O why then so loth for to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again;
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
A distance we cannot remain.

5 And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above;
Leaving these vile bodies of clay,
United with Jesus in love.

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bought glory shall see;
Singing hallelujah, amen,
Amen, even so let it be.

HYMN 114.

For the Lord's supper.

JESUS once for sinners slain,
From the dead did rise again;
And in heaven is now set down,

With the Father on the throne.

2 There he reigns a king supreme,
We shall also reign with him ;
Feeble souls be not dismay'd,
Trust in his almighty aid.

3 He hath made an end of sin,
And his blood hath wash'd us clean ;
Fear not, he is ever near,
Now, e'en now, he's with us here.

4 Thus assembling, we by faith,
Till he comes, shew forth his death ;
Of his body bread's the sign,
And we drink his blood in wine.

5 Bread thus broken aptly shows,
How his body God did bruise ;
When the grape's rich blood we see,
Lord, we then remember thee.

6 Saints on earth, and saints above,
Celebrate his dying love ;
And let every ransom'd soul,
Sound his praise from pole to pole.

HYMN 115.

A prospect of heaven.

WHEN God on high shall magnify
His everlasting love,
And send for me to let me see
My heritage above —

2 Then I shall rise above the skies,
In praising God with songs ;
The seraphs they'll shew us the way,
Where all the angels throng.

3 Then I shall shine in light divine,
More than the morning fair,

The father, son, and spirit one,
And I'm a chosen heir.

4 There see and feel what they'll reveal,
With pleasure and delight ;
Then surely they'll their joys unveil,
And treasures infinite.

Hymn 116.

WHEN we shall fly above the sky,
On wings like Noah's dove ;
And go from hence to those immense,
Transporting joys above.

2 Then the bridegroom will give us room,
And seats in heavenly courts ;
To feast on love with him above,
In ravishing transports.

3 There's glorious hosts, & spotless ghosts,
Which guard my Saviour's throne ;
And thousands more who kneel before,
Whose number can't be known.

4 Each seraphim that is within,
Has six bright glittering wings ;
• Flying on twain while four remain
For veils and coverings.

5 There's seas of glass whose beauties
The glories of the sun ; (pass,
And streets of gold there to behold,
As bright as e'er a one.

6 There we shall see that fruitful tree,
Which bears twelve times a year ;
Whose lovely fruits so sweetly suits,
All heaven's guests for cheer.

7 Glory to God the Father be,
Glory to God the Son ;
Glory to God the Holy Ghost,

Glory to God alone.

HYMN 117.

Advice to youth.

NOW is the time, O lovely youth,
To think on your creator God ;
Attend the words of sacred truth,
While in the days of youthful blood.

2 This is the only way to find,
The paths of peace and endless joy.
The way to store your youthful mind
With pleasures that will never cloy.

3 But if you foolishly delay,
And harken to the tempter's breath ;
To walk in the destructive way,
Till age comes on, or sudden death :

4 O think what dreadful risk you run,
You hazard your immortal soul,
To be eternally undone,
And plung'd where endless sorrows roll.

5 Behold the wretch advanc'd in years,
And with his years grown old in sin ;
No more repentance now appears,
Then when his life did first begin.

6 Lo ! still upon the horrid brink,
Of everlasting wrath he goes ;
Anon with horror down to sink,
Into the gulf of endless woes.

7 Young sinners then a warning take,
Now in your precious days of youth ;
All flattering vanities forsake,
And take th' advice of sacred truth.

HYMN 118.

*The truly enlightened soul in the valley of
humiliation, humbly resigned at the feet
of a sovereign God.*

THE man that views his guilt and sin
With clear enlighten'd eyes ;
He sees how vile a wretch he's been,
And down in dust he lies.

2 With humble, low submission 'tis
His soul is brought to say,
That God the sov'reign potter is,
And he but worthless clay.

3 His views are just and edequate,
He sees it would be right
If God should fix his future state
In black eternal night.

4 He gives it in both free and frank,
His all he then resigns,
He's willing now to sign a blank,
And God should write the lines.

5 But yet he can't despair of grace,
He wrestles with his God,
And begs his precious soul might taste,
The merits of his blood.

6 He pleads the merits of the Lamb,
That his poor soul might live ;
He can't be willing to be damn'd,
Such language he doth give.

7 "The souls condemn'd to endless flames,
"Blaspheame the God above,
"While heav'nly saints on highest strains,
"Do praise redeeming love.

8 "Should I be doom'd to endless woe,
"To burn forever more,
" 'Twould never pay the debt I owe,

"Nor cancel all the score.

9 "Ten million years in fire and smoke,

"Amidst the livid flames,

"Will gain no credit on the book,

"The debt is still the same.

10 "But if by Christ my soul is freed,

"He will my surety stand,

"And every mite will then be paid,

"Which justice can demand.

11 "If such a brand of fire as I,

"Should now be pluck'd from hell,

"How would the winged Seraphis fly,

"Such blessed news to tell.

12 "To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

"What Glory would redound ?

"How would the spotless heav'nly host,

"Their golden trumpets sound ;

13 "Must I despair of future bliss,

"And so withdraw my suit !

"No ! God forbid, since mercy is

"Thy darling attribute.

14 "My ardent cries shall still ascend,

"While I have power to speak,

"And if I perish in the end,

"I'll die beneath thy feet."

15 The man that's brought to such a case,

God won't his suit deny ;

But he will give him saving grace,

And lift his soul on high,

16 The one in three, and three in one,

All glory is their due ?

From beings far above the sun,

And human creatures too.

HYMN 119.

At the meeting of Friends.

WELL met, dear friends, in Jesus' name,
 Come let us now rejoice,
 While we our saviour's praise proclaim,
 With cheerful hearts and voice.

2 But O ! dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
 Send down the heav'nly dove,
 His graces to diffuse abroad,
 To warm our hearts with love.

3 In vain, dear saviour, here we meet,
 Except thy face we see ;
 Thy presence makes a heav'n most sweet,
 When'er we meet with thee.

4 A dungeon shews a heav'nly dawn,
 When there with thee we dwell ;
 But when thy presence is withdrawn,
 A palace proves a hell.

5 Then O ! dear Jesus, condescend
 To meet us with a smile ;
 Thy spirit's quick'ning influence send,
 And purge our hearts from guile—

6 That at the close each one may say,
 "We meet not here in vain ;
 "For we have tasted heav'n to day,
 "Nor could we more contain."

HYMN 120.

At parting of Friends.

LORD, when together here we meet,
 And taste thy heav'nly grace ;
 Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
 We're loth to leave the place.

2 But father, since it is thy will,
 That we must part again ;

Yet let thy special presence still,
With ev'ry one remain.

3 And let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love ;

Till we before thy glorious throne,
Shall joyful meet above.

4 There void of all distracting pains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;

But in seraphic endless strains,
Redeeming love admire.

5 All sin and sorrow from each heart,
Shall then forever fly ;

Nor shall a thought that we must part,
Once interrupt our joy.

6 And thus to all eternity,
Upon the heav'nly shore ;

The great mysterious one in three,
Jehovah we'll adore.

HYMN 121.

On Grace.

HEAVENLY thoughts create my song,
And set my soul on fire ;

And glides my pleasing thoughts along,
To join the heav'nly choir.

2 While trav'ling thro' this desert land,
My weary soul shall rest ;

Guided by Jesus' gentle hand,
To lean upon his breast.

3 Here I will ease my burden'd mind,
And tell him all my grief ;

From Jesus' blood my soul shall find
The streams of sweet relief.

4 I'll lay me down within his arms,
And view his lovley face ;

- As one o'ercome by sov'reign charms,
And lost in his embrace.
- 5 Here I behold with joy divine,
The springs of rising bliss,
And joy to see that Christ is mine,
And view that I am his.
- 6 The views of my dear bleeding King,
Strike an immortal flame :
Raptur'd with joy my soul shall sing
The praise of Jesus' name—
- 7 Shall sing like the redeemed throng;
Of my incarnate God ;
His love shall be my ceaseless song,
Who wash'd me in his blood.
- 8 High on the throne my Saviour reigns ;
Angels adore my King ;
In lofty, sweet seraphic strains,
My Saviour's praise they sing.
- 9 There I'll adore my dying God.
And bow before his face ;
I'll sing of Jesus' wounds and blood,
And praise victorious grace.
- 10 Amidst th' eternal sacred true—
Among the starry plains ;
My soul shall sing as angels do,
In sweet celestial strains.
- 11 The heav'nly flame shall still aspire,
Before my saviour's Throne :
His love shall feed the sacred fire,
To praise the holy one.

HYMN 122.

Divine Fortitude.

DIDST thou dear Jesus suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me !

And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Forbid it Lord that I should dread,
To suffer shame or loss;

But in thy footsteps let me tread,
And glory in thy cross.

3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold;

Let knowledge, faith and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

4 Say to my soul, why dost thou fear
The face of feeble man?

Behold thy heav'nly captain's here,
Before thee in the van.

5 O how my soul would up and run,
At this reviving word;

Nor any painful suff'rings shun,
To follow thee my Lord.

6 For this let men reproach, defame,
And call me what they will;

Lo, I may glorify thy name,
And be thy servant still.

7 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my pow'rs resign;

Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

PAUSE.

8 I'll cheerfully take up the cross,
And follow thee my Lord;

Submit to tortures, shame and loss,
At thy commanding word.

9 But this I promise to fulfill,
Through thy assisting grace;

For I am weak, of feeble will,

I must with shame confess.
 10. But let thy grace sufficient be,
 In every time of need ;
 Then Lord I'll boldly fight for thee,
 And every time succeed.

HYMN 123. -

The rich provision of the gospel.

JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
 Nor is thy gospel weak :
 Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
 And heal the dying Greek.
 2 Wide as the reach of satan's rage,
 Does thy salvation flow ;
 It's not confin'd to sex or age,
 The lofty or the low.
 3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
 The poor may take their share ;
 No mortal has a just pretence,
 To perish in despair.
 4 Come all ye wretched sinners, come,
 He'll form your souls anew ;
 His gospel and his heart has room
 For rebels such as you.
 5 His doctrine is Almighty love,
 There's virtue in his name,
 To turn a raven to a dove,
 The lion to the lamb.
 6 O could we raise a song of praise,
 Half equal to his love ;
 The heav'ns would ring, while we should
 Thro' all the courts above. (sing.

HYMN 124.

Good Works.

IN vain men talk of living faith,

When all their works exhibit death,
When they indulge some sinful view,
In all they say, in all they do.

2 The true believer fears the Lord,
Obeys his precepts, keeps his word,
Commits his works to God alone,
And seeks his will before his own.

3 A barren tree that bears no fruit,
Brings no great glory to his root ;
When on the boughs rich fruit we see,
'Tis then we cry, "A goodly tree."

4 Never did men by faith divine,
To selfishness or sloth incline ;
The christian works with all his power,
And grieves that he can work no more.

HYMN 125.

The heart is deceitful and wicked.

THIS wretched heart will still backslide,
O, what deceit is treasur'd here !
'Tis full of vanity and pride,
What fruits of unbelief appear !

2 My base ingratitude I mourn,
My stubborn will, my earthly mind ;
My tho'ts how vain, to rove how prone,
To every evil how inclin'd !

3 Who can, amongst the sons of men,
Find out the vileness of my heart ?
None can the depths of guilt explain,
'Tis all corrupt through every part.

4 Could creatures look into my breast,
How would they gaze with strange sur-
They'd hate me with a sore detest, (prise :
And turn away their frightened eyes.

5 But what are creatures, Lord, to thee !

They can't forgive one single sin,
 Were they dispos'd to pity me,
 They could not work one grace within.

6 To Jesus, then, I'll make my moan ;
 O cleanse this filthy sink of sin :
 Jesus thou canst, and thou alone,
 O condescend to make me clean.

HYMN 126.

Indwelling sin lamented.

With tears of anguish I lament,
 Here at thy feet, my God,
 My passion, pride, and discontent,
 And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
 So false as mine has been ;
 So faithless to its promises,
 So prone to every sin !

3 My reason tells me thy commands
 Are holy, just, and true,
 Tells me whate'er my God demands,
 Is his most holy due.

4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
 And all her words approve ;
 But still I find 'tis hard t'obey,
 And harder yet to love.

5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel,
 These struggles in my breast ?
 When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
 And give my conscience rest ;

6 Break, sovereign grace, O break the
 And set the captive free : [charm,
 Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
 And haste to rescue me.

HYMN 127.

ALAS ! it is a thorny road,
That I am call'd to tread,
And many are the snares and traps,
That for my feet are laid.

2 The world, the flesh, and satan are
Against my soul combin'd ;
And worse than all, this evil heart
Is with the tempter join'd.

3 What awful truth ! I daily feel
Old nature is the same
It ever was, and ne'er will die
While I in flesh remain.

4 What but the power of mighty grace
Could such a wretch restrain,
From running into every vice
Among the world again ?

5 That grace I know will never fail,
Sufficient it will be ;
The Lord hath said it shall sustain
So weak a worm as me.

6 Forget not, O my soul, thy God
Is an unchanging friend,
And in his strength thou shalt o'ercome,
And triumph in the end.

HYMN 128.

Zion's Light.

ARISE and shine, O Zion fair,
Behold thy light is come,
Thy glorious conquering king is near
To take his exiles home.

2 The trumpet sounding through the sky,
To set poor captives free,

The day of wonder now is come;
The year of Jubilee.

3. Ye heralds blow your trumpets loud,
That earth may hear her doom,
Go spread the news from pole to pole,
Behold your judge is come.

4. Blow out the sun, burn up the earth,
Consume the rolling flood,
While every star shall disappear,
Go turn the moon to blood.

5. Arise ye nations under ground,
Before your Judge appear,
All tongues and languages are come,
Their final doom to hear.

6. King Jesus on his dazzling throne,
Ten thousand saints around,
While Gabriel with his mighty trump,
Echoes the awful sound.

7. The glorious time of gospel grace,
With sinners now is o'er,
The trump in Zion now is still,
And to be heard no more.

8. The watchmen all have left their walls,
And with their flocks above,
On Canaan's happy shore they sing,
And shout redeeming love.

9. Come all ye pilgrims here below,
Whose hearts are join'd in one,
Hold up your heads with courage bold,
Your race is almost run.

10. Above the clouds behold him stand,
He smiles and bids you come,
And angels becon you away
To your eternal home.

11. O! see a pilgrim when he dies,

With glory in his view,
To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
And bids the world adieu.

12 While friends a weeping all around,
And loth to let him go,
He shouts with his expiring breath,
And leaves them all below.

13 O ! christians are you ready now
To cross this narrow flood,
And Canaan's happy shore behold,
And see your smiling God.

14 The dazzling charms of that bright
Attract my soul above, (world,
My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
When perfected in love.

15 Come all ye pilgrims in the Lord,
I'm bound to meet you there ;
Although we tread enchanted ground,
Be bold and do not fear.

16 Fight on, fight on, ye conquering souls,
The land it is in view,
And when I reach fair Canaan's shore,
I hope to meet with you.

HYMN 129.

Pilgrim's Song.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As you journey sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way your fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Oh ! ye banish'd seed be glad,

Christ our advocate is made ;
 Us to save, our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flocks, and blest,
 You on Jesus arms shall rest ;
 There your seat is now prepar'd,
 There's your kingdom and reward.

5 O ! ye brethren, joyful stand,
 On the borders of your land ;
 Jesus Christ, your Father's son,
 Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord, obed'ently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below ;
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.

Hymn 130.

Celestial Watering.

SAVIOUR visit thy plantation,
 Grant us Lord a gracious rain ;
 All will come to dissolution,
 Unless thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high ;
 Lest for want of thy assistance,
 Every plant will droop and die.

3 Surely once the garden flourish'd,
 Every part look'd gay and green ;
 There thy word our spirits nourish'd,
 Happy seasons we have seen.

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
 And a sad decline we see ;
 Lord thy help is greatly needed,
 Help can only come from thee.

5 Where are those we counted leaders,

Fir'd with zeal and love and truth !
 Old professors tall as cedars,
 Bright examples to our youth.

6 Some in whom our souls delighted,
 We shall meet no more below ;
 Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,
 Scarce a single leaf they show.

7 Younger plants to sight how pleasant,
 Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;
 But they cause us grief at present,
 Frost has nip'd them in the bud.

8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
 Thou can'st make them bloom again ;
 O ! permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain.

9 Let our mut'al love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayer :
 Let each one esteem thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snare.

10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony hearts to flesh ;
 Now begin from this good hour,
 To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN 131.

Wonders of Redeeming Love.

O NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
 Come sing aloud in Jesus' name ;
 Come you who Jesus' kindness prove,
 Come triumph in redeeming love.

2 Come you, alas ! whoe'er have been,
 The willing slaves of death and sin ;
 Come now, from bliss no longer rove,
 Stop, stop and taste redeeming love.

3 Come mourning souls, dry up your tears,

And banish all your guilty fears ;
And see the guilt secure remov'd,
'Tis cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Come welcome all by sin oppress,
Come welcome to this sacred rest ;
Thers's nothing bro't him from above,
Nothing but true redeeming love.

5 'Tis he subdues the infernal pow'rs,
And his tremendous foes are ours ;
Our foes are from his empire drove,
He's mighty in redeeming love.

6 Come hither and your music bring,
Come strike aloud your joyful string ;
Come mortals join the praise above,
He's mighty in redeeming love.

7 Come you who live in Babylon,
Come hear the voice of Christ the Son ;
Arise my fair one and my dove,
O come and taste redeeming love.

8 The angels that before him stand,
They go and come at his command ;
Tho' they are seated high above,
Never will taste redeeming love.

9 O surely happy now they be,
Our God and Christ they daily see ;
They all in shining ranks do move,
But ne'er will sing redeeming love.

10 O ye bright angels it is true,
That I shall surely out-do you ;
When I shall reign with him above,
Then I shall sing redeeming love.

HYMN 132.

Tribulation.

YE that would after Jesus press,

- Must fix it firm and sure,
That tribulations, more or less,
You must and shall endure.
- 2 From this there can be no exempt,
'Tis God's own wise decree,
Satan the weakest saint will tempt,
Nor is the strongest free.
- 3 The world opposes from without,
And unbelief within,
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
And feel the load of sin.
- 4 Glad flames too often lift us up,
And then how proud we grow !
Till sad desertion makes us droop,
And down we sink as low.
- 5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares,
To catch the wandering heart,
And seldom do we see the snares
Before we feel the smart.
- 6 But let not all this terrify,
Pursue the narrow path,
Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,
And fight with hell by faith.
- 7 Though we are feeble, Christ is strong,
His promises are true ;
We shall be conquerors all ere long,
And more than conquerors too.

HYMN 133.

The Wandering Pilgrim.

WAND'RING Pilgrims, mourning Chris-
Weak & tempted Lambs of Christ ; (tians,
Who endure great tribulation,
And with sins are much distress'd ;
Christ has sent me to invite you,

To a rich and costly feast :
 Let not shame nor pride prevent you,
 Come the sweet provision taste.

2 If you have a heart relenting,
 And bemoan your wretched case ;
 Come to Jesus Christ repenting,
 He will give you gospel grace ;
 If you want a heart to fear him,
 Love and serve him all your days,
 Only come to Christ and ask him,
 He will guide your feet always.

3 If your heart is unbelieving,
 Doubting Jesus' pard'ning love,
 Lay hard by Bethesda waiting,
 'Till the troubled waters move ;
 If no man appears to help you,
 All their efforts prove but talk ;
 Jesus, Jesus he will cleanse you,
 Rise, take up your bed and walk.

4 If like Peter you are sinking,
 In the sea of unbelief ;
 Wait with patience, always praying,
 Christ will send you sweet relief ;
 He will give you grace and glory,
 All your wants shall be supplied,
 Canaan, Canaan lies before you,
 Rise and cross the swelling tide.

5 Death shall not destroy your comfort,
 Christ shall guard you thro' the gloom,
 Down he'll send a heavenly consort,
 To convoy you to his home ;
 There you'll spend your days in pleasure,
 Free from every want and care ;
 Come, O ! come, my blessed Saviour,
 Fain my spirit would be there.

HYMN 134.

Joy in the Holy Ghost.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
 My spirit doth rejoice
 In God my Saviour and my God,
 I hear his joyful voice.

2 I need not go abroad for joy,
 Who have a feast at home ;
 My sighs are turned into songs,
 The comforter is come.

3 Down from above the blessed dove
 Is come into my breast,
 To witness God's eternal love ;
 This is my heavenly feast.

4 This makes me Abba Father cry,
 With confidence of soul ;
 It makes me cry my Lord, my God,
 And that without controul.

5 There is a stream that issues forth,
 From God's eternal throne,
 And from the Lamb, a living stream,
 Clear as the crystal stone.

6 The streams do water paradise,
 It makes the angels sing :
 One cordial drop revives my heart,
 Hence all my joys do spring.

7 Such joys as are unspeakable,
 And full of glory too ;
 Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
 As worldings do not know.

8 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
 From fancy 'tis conceal'd,
 What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine

And hast to me reveal'd.

- 9 I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taste thy sweetest love ;
My soul doth leap : but O for wings,
The wings of Noah's dove !
- 10 Then should I flee far hence away,
Leaving this world of sin :
Then should my Lord put forth his hand,
And kindly take me in.
- 11 Then should my soul with angels feast
On joys that always last :
Bless'd be my God, the God of joy,
Who gives me here a taste.

HYMN 135.

A practical improvement of baptism.

- ATTEND, ye children of your God,
Ye heirs of glory hear ;
For accents so divine as these,
Might charm the dullest ear.
- 2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die ;
With Christ the Lord we live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.
- 3 There by his father's side he sits
Enthron'd divinely fair ;
Yet owns himself your brother still,
And your forerunner there.
- 4 Rise, from these earthly trifles, rise,
On wings of faith and love :
Above, your choicest treasure lies,
And be your hearts above.
- 5 But earth and sin will drag us down,
When we attempt to fly :
Lord, send thy strong attracting power,

To raise and fix us high.

HYMN 136.

Christ Lord of all.

ALL hail! the power of Jesus' name,

Let angels prostrate fall ;

Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown him Lord of all.

2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,

And, as they tune it, fall

Before his face, who tunes the choir.

And crown him Lord of all.

3 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,

Who from his altar call ;

Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,

And crown him Lord of all.

4 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,

Who fix'd this floating ball ;

And hail the strength of Israel's might,

And crown him Lord of all.

5 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,

Ye ransom'd from the fall ;

Hail him who saves you by his grace ;

And crown him Lord of all.

6 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,

Whom David, Lord did call,

The God incarnate ! man divine !

The crowned Lord of all.

7 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget

The wormwood and the gall,

Go spread your trophies at his feet,

And crown him Lord of all.

8 Let every tribe and every tongue,

That bound creation's hall,

Now shout, in universal song,

And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 137.

Prayer answered by crosses.

I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace ;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught you thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer ;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hop'd that in some favor'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request ;
And by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

5 Yea more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe ;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 Lord, why is this, I trembling cry'd,
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death !
'Tis in this way, the Lord reply'd,
I answer prayer for grace and faith.

7 These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free ;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me.

HYMN 138.

Pleading with God under affliction.

- WHY should a living man complain
 Of deep distress within ;
 Since every sigh and every pain,
 Is but the fruit of sin ?
- 2 Now Lord, I'll patiently submit,
 Nor ever dare rebel ;
 Yet sure I may here at thy feet,
 My painful feelings tell.
- 3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
 And beat upon my soul ;
 One trouble to another cries,
 Billows on billows roll.
- 4 From fear to hope and hope to fear,
 My shipwreck'd soul is tost,
 Till I am tempted in despair,
 To give up all for lost.
- 5 Yet thro' the stormy clouds I'll look,
 Once more to thee, my God ;
 O fix my soul upon a rock,
 Beyond the raging flood.
- 6 One look of mercy from thy face,
 Would set my heart at ease ;
 One all creating word of grace,
 Will make the tempests cease.

HYMN 139.

Lord's supper.

THE table spread, my soul there spies
 The victim bleeds, the Saviour dies ;
 In anguish on the tree !
 I hear his dying groans ! I prove
 His bleeding heart, his dying love !

He dy'd, my soul, for thee.

2 The table's spread — the royal food
Is Jesus' sacred flesh and blood,

A feast of love divine :

His bleeding heart ! his dying groans !

His sacred blood for sin atones —

Atones, my soul, for thine.

3 The feast is spread with bleeding hands,
Bedew'd with blood, and lo ! it stands

To fill the hungry mind ;

'Tis free, and whosoever will

May feast his soul and drink his fill,

And grace and glory find.

4 While at the table sits the king,
Raptur'd with joy, my soul shall sing,

With an immortal flame ;

My Saviour's grace I'll still adore,

With joy I'll love him more and more,

And bless his sacred name.

5 O sacred flesh ! O solemn feast !

When Christ my Lord the royal guest,

Is at the table found ;

This adds new glories to my joy —

It bids me sing—and well I may,

It makes my bliss abound.

6 'Tis thus my soul by faith is fed,

On angels food, with living bread,

And manna from above —

● sacred flesh, on dying blood !

I feast till I am full of God,

And drink the wine of love.

7 It is an early antipast,

Of heavenly bliss it is a taste,

A taste on earthly ground ;

If here so sweet — if here we prove

Seraphic joy — celestial love,
In heaven what will be found ?

HYMN 140.

The fair mansions.

- WE in this tabernacle mourn,
For immortality ;
Burdened with sin we daily groan,
And long to be set free.
- 2 We view this world not as our home,
But sojourn in a vale ;
We seek a city yet to come,
Where joy shall never fail.
- 3 We have a house above the sky,
In heaven's unmeasur'd space ;
Where we shall dwell eternally,
And see our Saviour's face.
- 4 Roll on, roll on our peaceful years,
And bring our souls to rest ;
Where troubles end, and doubts and fears
No more disturb our breast.
- 5 Then shall we bid a long farewell
To all those fleeting things ;
Our clay in earth we leave to dwell,
To mount on sacred wings.
- 6 Swifter than thought we soar on high,
Above the twinkling stars ;
Pass through the regions of the sky,
And all those rolling spheres.
- 7 The sun ere long will disappear,
And sinners feel their loss ;
While we ascend through yielding air,
And steer th' eternal course.
- 8 Now winged time is known no more,

Eternity begins !

Our souls have gain'd the heavenly shore,
And view th' amazing scenes.

9 Their songs begin to sound so sweet,
Our raptur'd souls on fire ;
To bow around the Saviour's feet,
And join the heavenly choir.

10 Unnumber'd years shall gently roll,
And each increase the bliss ;
And God shall say unto each soul,
Come dwell where Jesus is.

11 Then will our blessed Jesus come,
And hid the dead arise ;
And call his weary children home,
To mansions in the skies.

12 Where sin and sorrow all shall cease,
And tears be wip'd away ;
And nothing shall disturb our peace,
To one eternity.

HYMN 141.

Before going to meeting.

THE Saviour meets his flock to day,
Shall I, in sloth, abide at home ?
Shall I behind the people stay,
When Jesus calls there still is room ?
I'll go, it is a place of prayer,
Who knows but God may meet me there ?

2 To day Immanuel feeds his saints,
And here the christians find their king —
They open lay all their complaints,
And here their Saviour's praise they sing!
Into their number I'll presume,
Since Jesus kindly bids me come.

3 How long did faithful Anna wait,

And sought the Lord for fourscore years,
Both day and night, the temple gate
She watch'd with many sighs and tears,
And scarcely left the house of prayer
Till God vouchsaf'd to meet her there.

4 Dear Saviour, then bestow the power,
And like the saints I, ll watch for thee,
Content until th' appointed hour,
When thou shalt be reveal'd in me :
Daily my soul within thy gate,
Shall for thy gracious presence wait.

5 Remove temptation, O my Lord,
And let my enemies be slain,
Who would withdraw me from thy word,
And plunge me in the world again ;
And when the bridegroom shall appear,
O, may my soul be found in prayer.

HYMN 142.

The Complainer reformed.

I SET myself against the Lord,
Despis'd his mercy and his word,
And wish'd to take his place ;
It vex'd me sore that I must die,
And perish too eternally,
Or else be sav'd by grace.

2 Of every preacher I'd complain,
One spoke thro' pride and one for gain,
Another's learning's small ;
This spoke too fast and that too slow,
One pray'd too loud and one too low,
The others had no call.

3 With no professors could I join,
Some dress'd too mean and some too fine,
And some did talk too long ;

Some had a tone, some had no gift,
Some talk'd so weak and some so swift,
And all of them were wrong.

4 I tho't they'd better keep at home,
Than to exhort where'er they come,
And tell us of their joys ;
They'd better keep their gardens free
From weeds, than to examine me,
And vex me with their noise.

5 Kindred and neighbours all were bad,
And no true friend for to be had —
My rulers too were vile ;
At length I was brought for to see
The fault did mostly lie in me,
And had done all the while.

6 The horrid loads of guilt and shame,
(Being conscious too I was to blame,)
Did wound my frightened soul :
I've sinn'd so much against my God,
I'm crush'd so low beneath his rod,
How can I e'er be whole !

7 But there is Balm in Gilead,
And a physician to be had,
A balsom too most free ;
Only believe on God's dear son,
Thro' him the victory is won,
Christ Jesus dy'd for me.

8 For Christ's free love's a boundless sea,
What to expire for such as me ?
Yes, 'tis a truth divine ;
My heart did melt, my soul o'errun
With love, to see what God hath done
For souls, as mean as mine.

9 Now I can hear a child proclaim
The joyful news and praise the name

- Of Jesus Christ my king ;
 I know no sect, christians are one,
 With my complaints I now have done,
 And made salvation mine.
- 10 Comesaints, rejoice in Christ your king,
 His solemn praises sweetly sing,
 And tell the world his love ;
 Sinners invite for to receive
 Of God's free grace, and not to grieve
 The holy sacred dove.
- 11 All those who do an interest gain,
 In Christ the Lamb who once was slain,
 Will surely happy be ;
 Their loud hosannas they shall raise,
 A monument of God's high praise,
 To all eternity.
-

HYMN 143.

Pride.

- INNUMERABLE foes
 Attack the child of God,
 He feels within the weight of sin,
 A grievous galling load.
- 2 Temptations too without,
 Of various kinds assault,
 Sly snares beset his traveling feet,
 And make him often halt.
- 3 From sinner and from saint
 He meets with many a blow :
 His own bad heart creates him smart ;
 Which only God can know.
- 4 But though the host of hell
 Be neither weak nor small,
 One mighty foe deals dang'rous woe,
 And hurts beyond them all.

5 'Tis pride, accursed pride,
That spir't by God abhorr'd :
Do what we will, it haunts us still ;
And keeps us from the Lord.

6 It blows its poisonous breath,
And bloats the soul with air ;
The heart up-lifts with God's own gifts,
And makes e'en grace a snare.

7 Awake — nay wile we sleep ;
In all we think or speak,
It puffs us glad, torments us sad ;
Its hold we cannot break.

8 In other ills we find
The hand of heaven not slack ;
Pride only knows to interpose,
And keep our comforts back.

9 'Tis hurtful when perceiv'd :
When not perceiv'd 'tis worse :
Unseen or seen it dwells within ;
And works by fraud or force.

10 Against its influence pray,
It mingles with the prayer ;
Against it preach, it prompts the speech ;
Be silent, still 'tis there.

11 This moment, while I write,
I feel its power within ;
My heart it draws to seek applause,
And mixes all with sin,

12 Thou meek and lowly Lamb,
This haughty tyrant kill ;
It wounded thee, tho' thou wast free,
And grieves thy spirit still.

13 Thy garden is the place,
Where pride cannot intrude,
For should it dare to enter there
'T would soon be drown'd in blood.

HYMN 144.

The way to Heaven.

JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
 His track I see and I'll pursue,
 The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment,
 The King's highway of holiness,
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourn'd because I found it not ;
 My grief a burden long hath been,
 Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
 I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 "Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo, glad I come, and thou bless'd Lamb,
 Shalt take me to thee whose I am ;
 Nothing but sin I thee can give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found ;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "behold the way to God !"

HYMN 145.

Begone Unbelief.

AWAY, my unbelieving fear,
 Fear shall in me no more have place,
 My Saviour doth not yet appear,
 He hides the brightness of his face.

2 But shall I therefore let him go,

- And basely to the tempter yield ?
 No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
 I never will give up my shield.
- 3 Although the vine its fruit deny,
 Although the olive yield no oil,
 The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
 The fields elude the tiller's toil.
- 4 The empty stall no herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating race,
 Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
 The God of my salvation praise.
- 5 Away, each unbelieving fear,
 My soul be strong in living faith ;
 My Saviour will at length appear,
 And show the brightness of his face.
- 6 Tho' now my prospects all be cross'd,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see,
 Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
 And glory that he dy'd for me.

HYMN 146.

NOW the Saviour stands a pleading
 At the sinner's bolted heart ;
 Now in heav'n he's interceding,
 Undertaking sinners' part.

CHORUS.

*Sinners, can you hate this Saviour ?
 Will you thrust him from your arms ?
 Once he dy'd for your behaviour,
 Now he calls you to his charms.*

2 Now he pleads his sweat & blood shed,
 Shews his wounded hands and feet ;
 Father, save them, though they're blood
 Raise them to a heav'nly seat. (red,
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

3 Sinners, hear your God and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to day,
Turn from all your vain behaviour,
O repent, return, and pray.

Sinners, can you hate, &c.

4 O be wise before you languish
On the bed of dying strife,
Endless joy, or endless anguish,
Turn upon the events of life.

Sinners, can you hate, &c.

5 Now he's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee;
See what kindness, love and pity,
Shines around on you and me.

Sinners, can you hate, &c.

6 Open now your hearts before him,
Bid the Saviour welcome in;
Now receive, and O! adore him,
Take a full discharge from sin.

Sinners, can you hate, &c.

7 Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more;
O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store.

Sinners, can you hate, &c.

HYMN 147.

*Sampson grinding in Prison, by falling in
the lap of Deliah.*

ALAS! I've wander'd such a length
In a forbidden road;

I've lost like Sampson, eyes and strength,
And confidence in God.

2 And now, like him I mourn my loss,
Ah loss of both my eyes!

I'm grinding in a prison house,
Reproach'd by enemies.

3 Sometimes I thirst for victory,
O'er all my foes within;

I long to feel the rebels die,
And the new man to reign.

4 Tradition, pride and unbelief,
A heavy load I bear;
And my hard heart augments my grief,
Till I almost despair.

5 The lying tempter tells me now,
He's chain'd my soul so long,
He shall prevail, and keep me so;
Nor dare I move my tongue.

6 But Jesus rules in heav'n and earth
(And blessed be his name)

I trust he'll yet redeem from death
And put my foes to shame.

HYMN 148.

Behold your Christ.

CONDEMN'D at Pilate's bar
The great Redeemer stood,
To save poor sinners from despair,
And bring them home to God.

2 Tho' he's the eternal King,
They scorn'd to own him so;
Mocking, a purple robe they bring,
And then their knee they bow.

3 A crown of thorns they made
(Ah that was all our curse)
With envy put it on his head,
He bore it all for us.

4 No sceptre did he need

From a poor fallen race :
 Yet sinners mock'd him with a reed,
 And spit upon his face.

5 See how he's led away,
 To bring us wretches home ;
 Behold him fainting by the way,
 To give us strength to come.

6 See him on Calv'ry's hill
 With many scoffing round ;
 How great his love no tongue can tell,
 Ah, love without a bound !

7 With arms extended wide,
 Nail'd to the cursed tree ;
 Fountains of blood from hands and side
 For such vile men as we.

8 But conqu'ring when he fell
 Attain'd the victory ;
 He unstrung death and conquer'd hell
 That we might never die.

9 O could poor mortals know
 The riches of his love !
 They'd long to quit these climes below
 To dwell with him above.

HYMN 149.

*On the Dealings of God with the Soul, or the
 works of Grace.*

I'D tell the wonders of my God ;
 But O too great for tongues to tell !
 How rich, how free, that gracious word ;
 That sav'd my guilty soul from hell.

2 Amaz'd to think where I have been !
 In the dark slippery paths of death ;
 Bearing a dreadful load of sin

Expos'd to sink at every breath.

3 The burden'd earth groan'd under me,
The vilest of the sinful race;

Th' astonish'd rocks and every tree
Rose up and curs'd me to my face.

4 All heav'n look'd frowning from above,
And hell was gaping wide below:

My pray'rs and tears abortive prove,
To save my soul from endless woe.

5 How dreadful was my enmity
Against the eternal King of heav'n!

My heart so full of blasphemy,
I could not ask to be forgiv'n.

6 Justice pursu'd me close behind,
And I upon the brink of hell;

My strength all fail'd and I resign'd,
And Jesus took me as I fell.

7 I'll sing thy goodnes O my God,
But O! how far my language fails

To speak the merits of that blood,
Which did for my poor soul prevail.

8 For me, a rebel to his throne,
A traitor to his dignity:

His pity brought a pardon down
For me a wretch condemn'd to die.

9 A diff'rent aspect I beheld,
The hills and rocks all smiling stood;

And all the verdent groves and fields
Spoke forth the praises of my God.

10 I long'd to praise my Saviour too;
But tho't he scarcely could be mine;

O can he, can he stoop so low,
Could Christ for me his life resign?

11 Praise shall employ my future breath

Till I shall end this mortal race ;
 Then shall I triumph over death
 And praise my Saviour face to face.

HYMN 150.

Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord,

OH ! what a narrow, narrow path

Is that which leads to life !

Some talk of works, and some of faith,

With warmth, and zeal, and strife.

2 But alter all that's said or done,

Let men think what they will,

The strength of every tempted son

Consists in standing still.

3 "Stand still ? says one. That's easy

"Tis what I always do." (sure,

Deluded soul, be not secure :

This is not meant to you.

4 Not driv'n by fear, nor drawn by love,

Nor yet by duty, led,

Lie still you do ; and never move,

For who can move, that's *dead* ?

5 But for a *living* soul to stand,

By thousand dangers scar'd,

And feel destruction close at hand,

Oh ! this indeed is hard.

6 To shun this danger others run,

To hide they know not where :

Or though they fight, no vict'ry's won ;

They only beat the air.

7 He that believes, the scripture says,

Shall not confus'dly haste.

Thus danger threatens both him that stays,

And him that runs too fast.

8 Haste grasps at all ; but nothing keeps ;

Sloth is a dangerous state :
 And he that flies, and he that sleeps,
 Cannot be said to wait.

9 Lord, let thy Spirit prompt us when
 To go, and when to stay :
 Attract us with the cords of Men,
 And we shall not delay.

10 Give power & will ; & then command ;
 And we will follow thee :
 And when we're frightened, bid us stand,
 And thy Salvation see.

HYMN 151.

Leaving the world.

FAREWELL vain world, I must be gone,
 I have no home nor stay in thee ;
 I'll take my staff and travel on,
 Till I a better world can see.

2 Why art thou loth my heart, O why,
 Dost thou recoil within my breast ?
 Grieve not but say, farewell and fly
 Unto the ark, my dove there's rest.

3 I come my Lord a pilgrim's pace,
 Weary and weak I slowly move ;
 Longing but yet can't reach the place,
 The gladsome place of rest above.

4 I come my Lord the floods here rise,
 These troubled seas foam nought but mire ;
 My dove back to my bosom flies,
 Farewell poor world heaven's my desire.

5 Stay, stay, said earth, whither fond one,
 Here's a fair world, what wouldst thou
 Fair world O no, thy beauty's gone, (have ?
 A heav'nly Canaan Lord I crave.

6 The ancient travellers thus they,

Weary of earth sigh'd after thee ;
 They're gone before I must not stay,
 Till I both thee and them may see.

7 Put on my soul put on with speed,
 Tho' long the way, the end is sweet ;
 Once more poor world farewell indeed,
 In leaving thee my Lord I meet.

HYMN 152.

The stony heart.

LORD, hear a burd'ned sinner mourn,
 Who gladly to thee would return ;
 Thy tender mercies O impart !
 And take away this stony heart.

2 'Tis this hard heart which links me down,
 Nor asks thy smiles, nor fears thy frown ;
 The cause of all my woe and smart,
 Lord take away this stony heart.

3 'Tis this hard heart, my gracious Lord,
 Which scorns thy love & slights thy word ;
 Which tempts me from thee to depart.
 Lord, take away this stony heart.

4 'Tis this hard heart whose bold reply,
 Gives all the sacred truth the lie ;
 And would thy promises pervert,
 Lord, take away this stony heart.

5 'Tis this hard heart I feel within,
 Which slights thy grace & cleaves to sin ;
 Sure 'tis all hell, the counter part,
 Lord, take away this stony heart.

6 'Tis this hard heart which dares with-
 All the dread judgments of thy hand ; [stand
 Which daily acts the rebel's part,
 Lord, take away this stony heart.

7 'Tis this hard heart which day by day,
Would shut my mouth nor let me pray ;
Yea, would from every duty start,
Lord, take away this stony heart.

8 Sure the bless'd day will shortly come,
When this hard heart shall know its doom;
When I no more shall sin retain,
Nor of a stony heart complain.

HYMN 153.

The loving kindness of the Lord.

AWAKE my soul in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness O how free !

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all ;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness O how great !

3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness O how strong !

4 When trouble like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud ;
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness O how good !

5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;
But tho' I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
O, may my last expiring breath,
His loving kindness sing in death !

7 Then let me mount and soar away,
 To climes of everlasting day ;
 And sing with rapture and surprise,
 His loving kindness in the skies,

HYMN 154.

The stony heart.

O FOR a glance of heavenly day,
 To take the stubborn stone away ;
 And thaw with beams of love divine,
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
 The sea can roar, the mountains shake ;
 Of feeling all things shew some sign,
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,
 Amazing thought, which devils fear ;
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
 To stir this stupid heart of mine.

4 To hear the sorrow thou hast felt,
 Dear Lord, an adamant would melt,
 But I can read each moving line,
 And nothing move this heart of mine.

5 But something yet can do the deed,
 And that dear something most I need ;
 Thy spirit can from dross refine,
 And move and melt this heart of mine.

HYMN 155.

Blind Bartimeus.

MERCY, O thou son of David !

Thus blind Bartimeus prayed ;
 Others by thy grace are saved,
 Now vouchsafe to me thy aid.

2 While he cried many chid him,

- But he prayed the louder still ;
 Till his gracious Saviour bid him,
 Come and ask me what you will.
- 3 Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging us'd to live ;
 But he ask'd and Jesus granted
 Alms that none but he could give.
- 4 Lord remove this grievous blindness,
 Let my eyes behold the day :
 Straight he saw and won by kindness,
 Follow'd Jesus in the way.
- 5 Now methinks I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around ;
 Friends, is not my case amazing,
 What a Saviour I have found !
- 6 O that all the blind but knew him,
 And would be advis'd by me,
 Surely they would come unto him,
 He would cause them all to see.
- 7 Now I freely leave my garments,
 Follow Jesus in the way ;
 He will guide me by his counsel,
 Lead me to eternal day.
- 8 There I shall behold my Saviour,
 Spotless, innocent, and pure ;
 Sure to reign with him forever,
 If I to the end endure.

HYMN 156.

The effort.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,
 Where Jesus answers pray'r ;
 There humbly fall before his feet,
 For none shall perish there.

- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,

- With this I venture nigh ;
 Thou callest burthen'd souls to thee,
 And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
 By Satan sorely prest ;
 By war without, and fears within,
 I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding place,
 That shelter'd near thy side ;
 I may my fierce accuser face,
 And tell him thou hast dy'd.
- 5 Oh wonderous love ! to bleed and die,
 To bear the cross and shame ;
 That guilty sinners, such as I,
 Might plead thy gracious name.
- 6 Poor tempest tossed soul be still,
 My promis'd grace receive ;
 Tis Jesus speaks— I must, I will,
 I can, I do believe.

HYMN 157.

The Bible.

- PRECIOUS Bible ! what a treasure
 Does the word of God afford !
 All I want for life or pleasure,
 Food and med'cine, shield and sword :
 Let the world account me poor,
 Having this I want no more.
- 2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
 Here my hungry soul enjoys ;
 Of excess there is no danger,
 Though it fills, it never cloy's :
 On a dying Christ I feed,
 He is meet and drink indeed !

3 When my soul is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind ;
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing med'cines here I find :
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In th' hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield ;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield :
While the scripture truth is sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's sword ;
Then with ease I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at the word :
'Tis a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.

6 Shall I envy then the miser,
Doating on his golden store ?
Sure I am, or should be wiser,
I am rich, 'tis he is poor :
Jesus gives me in his word,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

H^YMN 158.

The hiding Place.

HAIL, sov'reign love ! that first began,
The scheme to rescue fallen man ;
Hail, matchless, free eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding place.

2 Against the God, that built the sky,
I fought, with hands uplifted high ;
Despis'd the mansions of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place !

3 Enwrap in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light ;
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding place.

4 But lo ! th' eternal council rang,
Almighty love ! arrest the man ;
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place !

5 Vindictive justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fry mount I flew ;
But justice cry'd with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding place !

6 But lo ! a heav'nly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel soon appear'd ;
He led me on a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding place.

7 Should sev'n-fold streams of vengeance
And shake this globe from pole to pole ; [roll,
No thunder bolt shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding place !

8 On him Almighty vengeance fell,
Which must have sunk a world to hell ;
He bore it for his chosen race,
And thus became their hiding place.

9 A few more rolling suns at most
Shall land me on fair Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding place !

HYMN 159.

*A warning to sinners, to flee from the
wrath to come.*

WHEN pity prompts me to look around
Upon my fellow clay ;
See men reject the gospel sound,

Good God ! what shall I say.

- 2 My bowels yearn for dying men,
Doom'd to eternal woe ;
Fain would I speak, but 'tis in vain,
If God does not speak, too.
- 3 O ! sinners, sinner wont you hear,
When in God's name I come ?
Upon your peril don't forbear,
Lest hell should be your doom.
- 4 Now is the time, th' accepted hour,
O ! sinners come away ;
The Saviour's knocking at your door,
Arise without delay.
- 5 O ! don't refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw ;
He'll then in robes of vengeance come
To execute his law.
- 6 Then where poor mortals, will you be,
If destitute of grace,
When you your injur'd judge shall see,
And stand before his face ?
- 7 O ! could you shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly,
To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all searching eye ?
- 8 But death and hell must all appear
And you among them stand ;
Before the great impartial bar,
Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.
- 9 No yearning bowels, pity then
Shall not affect my heart ;
No, I shall surely say amen
When Christ bids you depart.
- 10 Let not these warnings be in vain,

But lend a list'ning ear ;
 Lest you should meet them all again,
 When wrapt in keen despair.

HYMN 160.

The Christian's Voyage.

JESUS, at thy command,
 I launch into the deep ;
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep.
 For thee I would the world resign,
 And sail to heav'n with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my pilot wise ;
 My compass in thy word :
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord !
 I trust thy faithfulness and power
 To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
 Through all my passage lie,
 Yet Christ will safely keep,
 And guide me with his eye ;
 My anchor hope shall firm abide
 And every boist'rous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,
 The port of endless rest :
 My soul, thy sails expand,
 And fly to Jesus' breast !
 O may I reach the heav'nly shore,
 Where winds & waves distress no more.

5 When e'er becalm'd I lie,
 And storms forbear to toss,
 Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
 Lest I should suffer loss :

For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, Holy Ghost and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
Waft me from all below,
To heaven, my destin'd place !
Then in full sail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 161.

In me ye shall have peace.

YE saints, attend the Saviour's voice,
Spoke in his word of grace,
He says, and in it O rejoice !

In me ye shall have peace.

2 Though storms and tempests round you
And foes and fears increase, [roar,
He says, and what could he say more ?

In me ye shall have peace.

3 What though afflictions still abound,
Nor do temptations cease ;
He says, and O how sweet the sound !

In me ye shall have peace.

4 What though your hearts with sorrow
And sighs and tears increase : (bleed,
He says, and O, 'tis true indeed !

In me ye shall have peace.

5 What though corruptions dwell within,
Nor does the conflict cease ;
He says, in spite of hell and sin,

In me ye shall have peace.

6 Though you shall pass through death's
To gain your wish'd release, (cold flood,
He says, and sure he'll make it good,

In me ye shall have peace.

7 When you his face in glory view,
 Where joy can ne'er decrease,
 Eternity shall prove it true,
In him ye shall have peace.

HYMN 162.

Your Bodies are Temples of the Holy Ghost.

PROFESSED foll'wers of the Lamb,
 Hark to his word and bless his name ;
 Your bodies, if in him you trust,
Are tempels of the Holy Ghost.

2 Let this important solemn truth
 Dwell on your minds, in age and youth ;
 Be this your honour and you boast,
You're temples of the Holy Ghost.

3 As such, let all your conduct be
 From lust, and pride, and folly free ;
 Remember what your bodies cost,
As temples of the Holy Ghost.

4 Let gravity and holiness,
 A modest, plain, and decent dress,
 And Christ's bright robes adorn you most,
As temples of the Holy Ghost.

5 Set his example in your view—
 Be this the pattern you pursue ;
 Think, as his body, so your's must
Be temples of the Holy Ghost.

6 Ere long your happy change will come,
 And death will bring your spirits home ;
 And Christ shall guard your sleeping dust,
As temples of the Holy Ghost.

7 When the last trumpet shakes the skies,
 Bright shall your bodies then arise,
 And joyful, join the heavenly host,
As temples of the Holy Ghost.

HYMN 163.

*I know that my Redeemer lives.***I KNOW** that my Redeemer lives.

What comfort this sweet sentence gives !

He lives, he lives who once was dead,

He lives, my everliving head.

2 He lives, triumphant from the grave,

He lives, eternally to save ;

He lives, all glorious in the sky,

He lives, exalted there on high.

3 He lives to bless me with his love,

He lives to plead for me above,

He lives my hungry soul to feed,

He lives to help in time of need.

4 He lives and grants me rich supply,

He lives to guide me with his eye,

He lives to comfort me when faint,

He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

5 He lives to crush the pow'rs of hell,

He lives that he may in me dwell,

He lives to heal and make me whole,

He lives to guard my feeble soul.

6 He lives to silence all my fears,

He lives to stop and wipe my tears,

He lives to calm my troubled heart,

He lives all blessings to impart.

7 He lives my kind, my heav'nly friend,

He lives, and loves me to the end,

He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,

He lives my Prophet, Priest, and King.

8 He lives, and grants me daily breath,

He lives, and I shall conquer death,

He lives my mansion to prepare,

He lives to bring me safely there.

9 He lives, all glory to his name,
 He lives my Jesus still the same ;
 O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
 I know that my Redeemer lives.

HYMN 164.

On the great duty of prayer.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
 In coming to the mercy seat ;
 Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
 But wishes to be often there.

2 Pray'r makes the darkest cloud withdraw,
 Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight,
 Pray'r makes the christian's armour bright ;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 When Moses stood with arms spread
 Success was found on Isr'el's side ; [wide,
 But when through weariness they fail'd,
 That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have you no words ? Ah, think again,
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill your fellow-creature's ear
 With the sad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath, thus vainly spent,
 To heav'n in supplication sent.
 Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
 Hear what the Lord has done for me.

HYMN 165.

The attraction of the cross.

YONDER—amazing sight ! I see,

Th' incarnate son of God,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And weltering in his blood.

2 Behold a purple torrent run,
Down from his hands and head ;
The crimson tide puts out the sun ;
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darkened sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud,
And with th' amaz'd centurian cry,
"This was the son of God."

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice,
May well my hopes revive ;
If God's own son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

5 O that these cords of love divine,
Might draw me Lord to thee ;
Thou hast my heart ; it shall be thine,
Thine it shall ever be.

HYMN 166.

The year of Jubilee.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return ye ransom'd sinners home !

2 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face ;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return to your eternal home ?

3 Extol the Lamb of God,

The all-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption in his blood
 Throughout the world proclaim ;
 The year of Jubilee is come,
 Return ye ransom'd sinners home.

HYMN 167.

The happy hopeful Saint.

OH may I worthy prove to see,
 The saints in full prosperity ;
 To see the bright the glitt'ring bride,
 Close seated by her Saviour's side.

2 O may I find some humble seat,
 Beneath my dear Redeemer's feet ;
 A servant as before has been,
 And sing salvation to my king.

3 I'm glad that I am born to die,
 From grief and woe my soul shall fly ;
 Bright angels shall convey me home,
 Away to new Jerusalem.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 I hope to praise him after death ;
 I hope to praise him when I die,
 And shout salvation as I fly.

5 Farewell vain world I'm going home,
 My Saviour smiles and bids me come ;
 Sweet angels beckon me away,
 To sing God's praise in endless day,

6 I soon shall pass the vale of death,
 And in his arms I'll lose my breath :
 And then my happy soul will tell,
 My Jesus has done all things well.

7 I soon shall hear the awful sound,
 Awake ye nations under ground ;
 Arise and drop your dying shrouds,

And meet King Jesus in the clouds.

8 When to that blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
This note above the rest shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

9 Then shall I see my blessed God,
And praise him in his bright abode ;
My theme thro' all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory be.

HYMN 168.

The Beggar's prayer.

ENCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy door :
No hand, no heart, dear Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee
I know thou wouldst disdain :
But those which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.

3 I have no right to say
That tho' I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I possessed more ;
Thou know'st that from my very birth
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

4 Nor dare I to profess
As beggars often do,
Though great is my distress,
My faults have been but few ;
If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,

It would be what I well deserve.

5 Nor dare I to pretend
I never begg'd before,
And if thou'lt now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more ;
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
And often I must come again.

6 Though crumbs are much too good
For such a wretch as I,
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy ;
O do not frown and bid me go ;
I must have all thou canst bestow.

7 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounties to conceal
From others, who like me
Their wants and hunger feel,
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.

8 Thy ways, thou only wise,
Our thoughts and ways transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above this earth extend :
Such pleas as mine men would not hear,
But God receives a beggar's prayer.

HYMN 169.

Longing for heaven.

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above ;
And from the flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love ?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,

And with my blessed Jesus,
 Drink endless pleasures in.

2 But now I am a soldier,
 My captain's gone before,
 He's given me my orders,
 And bid me not give o'er ;
 And since he has prov'd faithful,
 A righteous crown he'll give,
 And all his valient soldiers
 Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determin'd
 To conquer though I die,
 And then away to Jesus,
 On wings of love I'll fly.
 Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 I bid you all adieu :
 And, O, my friends prove faithful,
 And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
 And trials on your way,
 Then cast your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray,
 Gird on the heavenly armour
 Of faith, and hope, and love,
 Then when the combat's ended
 He'll carry you above.

5 O do not be discouraged
 For Jesus is your friend ;
 And if you want more knowledge,
 He'll not refuse to lend :
 Neither will he upbraid you,
 Though oftener you request ;
 He'll give you grace to conquer
 And take you home to rest.

6 And when the last loud trumpet

Shall rend the vaulted skies,
 And bid the entombed millions
 From their cold beds arise,
 Our ransomed dust revived,
 Bright beauties shall put on,
 And soar to the blest mansion
 Where our Redeemer's gone.

7 Our eyes shall then with rapture
 The Saviour's face behold ;
 Our feet no more diverted,
 Shall walk the streets of gold ;
 Our ears shall hear with transport
 The hosts celestial sing ;
 Our tongues shall chaunt the glories
 Of our immortal king.

HYMN 170.

Saul's Armour.

WHEN first my soul enlisted,
 My Saviour's foes to fight ;
 Mistaken foes insisted,
 I was not armed aright ;
 So Saul declar'd to David
 He certainly would fail ;
 Nor could his life be saved
 Without a coat of mail.

2 But David, though he yielded
 To put the armour on,
 Soon found he could not wield it,
 And ventur'd forth with none :
 With only sling and pebble,
 He fought the fight of faith ;
 The weapon seem'd but feeble,
 But prov'd Goliath's death.

3 Had I by him been guided,
 And quickly thrown away

The armour men provided,
 I might have gain'd the day ;
 But arm'd as they advis'd me,
 My expectations failed ;
 My enemy surpris'd me,
 And had almost prevail'd.

4 Furnish'd with books and notions,
 And arguments and pride ;
 I practis'd all my motions,
 And satan's power defy'd ;
 But soon perceiv'd with trouble
 That these would do no good ;
 Iron to them is stubble,
 And brass but rotten wood.

5 I triumph'd at a distance
 While he was out of sight ;
 But faint was my resistance
 When forc'd to join in fight :
 He broke my sword in shivers,
 And pierc'd my boasted shield,
 Laugh'd at my vain endeavours,
 And drove me from the field.

6 Satan will not be braved
 By such a worm as I ;
 Then let me learn with David,
 To trust in the Most High ;
 To plead the name of Jesus,
 And use the sling of prayer ;
 Thus arm'd, when satan sees us
 He'll tremble and despair.

HYMN 171.

Finding Christ the Rock.

WE'VE found the rock, the travellers
 The stone that all the prophets tri'd ; (cri'd,
 Come children drink the balmy dew,

'Twas Christ that shed his blood for you.

2 This costly mixture cures the soul,
Which sin and guilt has made so foul ;
O sinners, now believe in God,
And wash in Christ's most precious blood.

3 O harken, children, Christ is come,
The bride is ready, let us — run ;
I'm glad I ever saw this day,
That we might meet to praise and pray.

4 There's glory, glory in my soul,
Come mourners feel the current roll :
Welcome, dear friends, this heavenly night
Which shines around with dazzling light.

5 And in this light we'll soar away,
Where there's no night, but endless day ;
O children, children ! bear the cross,
And count this world below but dross.

6 We'll bear the cross, & wear the crown,
And by our father's side sit down :
His grace will feed our hungry souls,
While love divine eternal rolls.

7 His fiery chariots make their way,
To welcome us to endless day ;
There glittering millions we shall join,
To praise the Prince of David's line.

HYMN 172.

Meat and Drink indeed.

TO day Immanuel feeds his sheep,
The purchase of his blood ;
To day Jehovah keeps a feast,
For all the sons of God.

2 The bread of God is freely giv'n

The food of saints above ;
 That living bread sent down from heav'n,
 The fruit of pard'ning love.

3 Lo ! Christ, our shepherd, gave his
 To answer all our need ; [hfe :
 His body crucify'd is meat,
 His blood is drink indeed.

4 Ye hungry, thirsty souls draw near,
 And living bread receive ;
 Taste the provision of your God,
 And freely eat and live.

HYMN 173.

Christ the all sufficient Saviour.

I AM that I am,
 Saith Christ the dear Lamb, (rous name?
 What think ye, O sinners, of this word' -

2 If now you enquire
 With earnest desire, (fire--
 And say O to know him our hearts are on

3 My master replies,
 I am will suffice (flies.
 Thy wants, O poor sinner, who unto him

4 I am to the blind
 The light of their mind ; [shall find.
 And feet to the cripple, and strength they

5 If sin is thy grief,
 I am thy relief ; (chief.
 A Saviour I am—to poor sinners the

6 O sinners, give ear,
 What fulness is here ? [dear.
 O ! who would not come to a Saviour so

7 He saw from his throne,
 Poor sinners undone ;

And their lives to ransom, he gave up his
 8 He came from above, [own.
 The curse to remove; [love?
 And yet shall we slight such unspeakable
 9 If we like the Jews,
 His kindness refuse, [chuse.
 'Tis plain that destruction We wilfully
 10 But O ye oppress'd,
 Whom sin hath distress'd, (have rest.
 Come, come unto Jesus, and you shall
 11 Methinks one doth cry,
 Such a sinner am I, [nigh.
 I dare not, I dare not to Jesus draw
 12 Christ answers again,
 Thy doubting refrain; [stain.
 Come, come unto me, and I'll purge every
 13 Whate'er is thy case,
 Come now and embrace [have peace.
 My purchas'd salvation, and thou shalt

HYMN 174.

Temptation.

YE tempted souls reflect
 Whose name 'tis you profess :
 Your master's lot your must expect,
 Temptations more or less.
 2 Dream not of faith so clear,
 As shuts all doubtings out :
 Remember how the Dev'l could dare
 To tempt ev'n Christ to doubt.
 3 "If thou'rt the son of God,
 (O, what an *if* was there!)
 "These stones here, speak them into food,
 "And make that Sonship clear."
 4 View that amazing scene !

Say, could the tempter try
To shake a tree so sound, so green ?
Good God, defend the dry.

5 Think not he now will fail
To make us shrink and droop,
Our faith he daily will assail ;
And dash our very hope.

6 That impious *if* he thus
At God incarnate threw,
No wonder if he cast at us,
And make us feel it too.

7 To cause despair's the scope
Of satan and his pow'rs,
Against hope to believe in hope,
My brethren, must be ours.

8 *Buts, ifs and hows* are hurl'd
To sink us with the gloom.
Of all that's dismal in this world,
Or in the world to come.

9 But here's our point of rest,
Tho' hard the battle seem,
Our Captain stood the fiery test,
And we shall stand through him.

HYMN 175.

The Nature and Ends of the Christian's Trials.

'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross ;
But the Saviour's pow'r to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall,
But with humble faith to see,
Love inscrib'd upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

3 God in trials sows the seed

Of afflictions, pain and toil ;
 These spring up and choak the weed,
 Which would else o'erspread the soil.

4 Trials make the promise sweet ;
 Trials give new life to pray'r ;
 Trials bring me to his feet,
 Lay me low and keep me there.

5 Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisements by the way,
 Might I not with reason fear,
 I might prove a castaway.

6 Bastards may escape the rod,
 Sunk in earthly, vain delight ;
 But the true-born child of God
 Must not, would not if he might.

HYMN 176.

The Backslider Returning.

O WHAT a cruel wretch am I,
 To leave my Jesus so !

And now without his smiles I lie,
 And know not where to go.

2 Once I anjoy'd his smiling face ;
 But did not think so soon,
 I should go mourning in disgrace,
 And all my comforts gone.

3 Not all the glories of the earth,
 Can do me any good ;
 My soul abhors all carnal mirth,
 And groans to find my God.

4 O should I see his face again,
 I'd tell him all my woe ;
 Confess how guilty I have been
 To leave my Jesus so.

5 Then will I clasp him in my arms,

And he shall have my heart ;
 And earth with all her treach'rous charms
 Forever shall depart.

HYMN 177.

Christ's invitation to his spouse.

- ARISE my dear love,
 My undefil'd dove,
 I hear my dear Jesus to say ;
 The winter is past,
 The spring's come at last,
 My love my dove come away.
- 2 The earth that is green,
 Is fair to be seen,
 The little birds chirping do say,
 That they do rejoice,
 In each other's voice,
 My love, my dove come away.
- 3 All smiling in love
 The young turtle dove,
 The flowers appearing in May ;
 All speak forth the praise
 Of the Ancient of days,
 My love, my dove come away.
- 4 Come away from the world's cares,
 Those troublesome snares,
 That follow you night and by day —
 That you may be free
 From the troubles that be,
 My love, my dove come away.
- 5 Come away from all fear,
 That troubles you here,
 Come into my arms he doth say ;
 That you may be clear
 From the troubles you fear ;

My love, my dove come away.

6 Come away from all pride,
From that raging tide
That makes you fall out by the way ;
Come learn to be meek
And your Jesus to seek,
My love, my dove come away.

7 As to you that are old,
And whose hearts are grown cold,
Your Jesus enviting doth say ;
That he's heard your cries
In the North countries,
My love, my dove come away.

8 As to you that are young,
Your hearts they are strong,
Your Jesus invites you away ;
From Antichrist's charms
To your Jesus' kind arms,
My love, my dove come away.

9 And as to the youth
That have known the truth,
Whose hearts they have led you estray ;
Come hear to his voice
And your hearts shall rejoice,
My love, my dove come away.

10 My dear children all,
Come hear to my call,
Behold I stand knocking and say —
My head's wet with dew,
My children, for you,
My love, my dove come away.

11 My fatlings are kill'd,
My table is fill'd,
My maidens attending doth say ;
There's wine on the lees

As much as you please,
My love, my dove come away.

12 Come travel the road
That leads you to God,
For it is a bright shining way ;
Come run up and down,
My errands upon,
My love, my dove come away.

HYMN 178.

Oh that I were as in months past

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood,
Apply'd to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue ;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm ;
I liv'd upon the Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.

4 In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine ;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

5 'Then to his saints I often spoke,
Of what his love had done ;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.

6 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey ;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
O come without delay.

HYMN 179.

*A brief description of the children of
God in a Dialouge.*

- WHAT poor despised company
Of travellers are these,
That walk in yonder narrow way,
Along that rugged maze ?
- 2 Ah, these are of a royal line,
All children of a king :
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo, for joy they sing.
- 3 Why do they then appear so mean ?
And why so much despis'd ?
Because of their rich robes unseen,
The world is not appris'd.
- 4 But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread ?
Ah, they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed.
- 5 But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze ?
Why, that's the way their leader trod,
They love and keep his ways.
- 6 Why must they shun the pleasant path,
That worldlings love so well ?
Because that is the road to death,
The open road to hell.
- 7 What is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground ? -
Christ is the only way to God,
None other can be found.

HYMN 180.

Backslider.

WHAT a sinner, Lord, I be !
 Full of sin and vanity ;
 How I've sinn'd, alas, unaw'd ;
 Wandering far away from God.

2 I have sinn'd at every step,
 Sin has dy'd the crimson deep ;
 Sin has stain'd my every deed ;
 I'm a sinner, Lord indeed.

3 Sin has long my work delay'd ;
 Sin my soul a slave has made ;
 Sin my confidence has broke ;
 Sin has giv'n a dreadful stroke.

4 O, that sin I could forsake,
 Break the power of sin, O break !
 God alone can help bestow,
 And to God I'll trembling go.

HYMN 181.

Judgment.

THE great tremendous day's approaching,
 The awful scene is drawing nigh ;
 'Twas long foretold by ancient prophets,
 Decreed in God's eternity.

2 But O, my soul, reflect and wonder !
 That awful scene is drawing near,
 When you shall see that great transaction,
 When Christ in judgment shall appear.

3 See nature stand all in amazement,
 To hear the last loud trumpet sound,
 Arise ye dead and come to judgment,
 Ye nations of this world around.

4 Loud thunders rumbling thro' the con-
 Bright forked lightnings part the skies[cave,

The hea'vns a shaking, the earth a quak-
 The gloomy sight attracts mine eyes. (ing,
 5 The orbit lamps all veil'd in sackcloth,
 No more their shining circuits run ;
 The wheel of time stopt in a moment :
 Eternal things are now begun.

6 Huge massy rocks & tow'ring mountains
 Over their tumbling basis roar ;
 The raging ocean, all in commotion,
 Is hov'ring round her frightened shore. [ble,

7 Green turfy grave-yards & tombs of mar-
 Give up their dead, both small and great ;
 See the whole world both saints and sin-
 Are coming to the Judgment seat. (ners,

8 See Jesus on the throne of justice,
 Come thund'ring down the parted skies ;
 With countless armies of shining angels,
 With Allelujahs, shouts for joy.

9 Bright shining streams from his awful pre-
 His face ten thousand suns outshine ; [sence
 Behold him coming in power and glory,
 To meet him all his saints combine.

10 Go forth ye heralds with speed like light-
 Call in the saints from distant lands, [ning,
 Those that my blood from hell hath ran-
 som'd,

Whose names in life's fair book do stand.

11 O come ye blessed of my father,
 The purchase of my dying love !
 Receive the crowns of life and glory
 Which are laid up for you above.

12 For you dear souls which have contin-
 With me, and my temptations bore, [u'd
 I have provided for you a kingdom,
 To reign with me forever more.

13 There's flowing fountains of living wa-
No sickness, pain, nor death to fear ; (ter,
No sorrow, sighing, no tears nor weeping
Shall ever have admittance here.

14 But how will sinners stand & tremble,
When Justice calls them to the bar ;
Those that reject his offer'd mercy,
Their everlasting doom to hear.

15 See Justice now with indignation,
Calling aloud for sinners' blood ;
Those that have slighted offer'd mercy,
And crucify'd the Son of God.

16 Depart from me ye cursed sinners !
My face you never more shall see ;
Be banish'd from my peaceful presence,
To endless woe and misery.

17 Each guilty soul then struck with hor-
And anguish throbbing in their breasts, [ror
Forever doom'd to endless sorrow,
And never more to hope for rest.

18 Come sinners here's a faithful warning,
Return to Jesus while you may,
For he is ready to forgive you,
Or else you must depart away.

HYMN 182.

OH ! why this long and ling'ring pain,
Why do I seek repose in vain ?

In vain I close my eyes,
In vain I court the balmy sleep,
Restless and pale I lie and weep,
While gentle slumber flies.

2 These tedious days of grief and pain,
These months of woe and no relief ;
Oh, when will they begone !

When will my tears and sighings cease ?
 When shall I greet the smiling face ?
 And when will pleasure dawn ?

3 In vain the sun with pleasant rays ;
 Looks down from heaven to cheer the
 To me in vain he smiles, [days ;
 Darkness and doubt my peace controul,
 A dreary gloom o'er clouds my soul,
 And every pleasure spoils.

4 Alas ! the choicest balm no more
 Can this my wasting flesh restore ;
 I must resign my breath,
 No more the healing art can give :
 This dying frame a power to live :
 Nor stay the hand of death.

5 Farewell, my friends, a long adieu ;
 To earth, to friendship, and to you ;
 Ah, cruel fate of mine,
 Must I be snatcht from all that's dear ?
 From each and every comfort here ?
 Yes, I must all resign.

6 But why should I a wretch complain !
 And charge my God with counsel vain ?
 And dare I thus repine ?
 Afraid to die, too vile to live,
 My God a trembling wretch forgive,
 And let thy mercy shine.

7 Oh, for some cheering voice from hea-
 Dear soul thy sins are all forgiven ; [ven,
 Thy crimes are wash'd away ;
 Then would I close in peace my eyes,
 And soar to some superior skies,
 Where shines eternal day,

8 But can so vile a sinner find,

A Saviour holy, just and kind ?

And can I trust his grace ?

Yes, my Redeemer lives, he lives,

Joy to my soul my hope revives,

I see his smiling face.

9 Clear as the sun in sky serene,

The parting clouds he looks between,

And bids my fears remove ;

With pleasure now I trust his grace,

And long to end my mortal race,

And taste his precious love.

10 No more shall death my soul surprise,

My steadfast faith in God relies,

And all is peace of mind ;

I see no more in things below,

To tempt my stay, with joy I go

And leave them all behind.

11 Farewell, my friends, a long adieu ;

I leave the joys of earth and you

To gain that rest above ;

Where warbling notes do loud proclaim,

The Great Redeemer's glorious name,

And sound his praise aloud.

12 Farewell, my friends and kindred dear,

If ought on earth could keep me here,

'Twould be my love for you ;

But Jesus calls my soul away,

Jesus forbids a longer stay,

My dearest friends adieu.

HYMN 183.

God blessed for all things.

BLESSED be God for all

For all things here below ;

For pain, for grief, and joy, and thrall,

To my advantage grow.

2 Blessed be God for shame,
 For slander and disgrace,
 Welcome reproach, for Jesus' name,
 Like flint, Lord set my face.

3 Blessed be God for loss,
 For loss of earthly things;
 For ev'ry scourge and ev'ry cross,
 Me nearer Jesus brings.

4 Blessed be God for want,
 For want of health and food;
 I live by faith and scorn to faint,
 For all things work for good.

5 Blessed be God for pain,
 Which tears my flesh like thorns;
 It crucifies my carnal mind,
 To God my soul returns.

6 Blessed be God for doubts,
 Which he hath overcome;
 My soul in full assurance shouts
 Of being soon at home.

7 Blessed be God for fears
 Of sin and death and hell;
 When Christ who is my life appears,
 In glory I shall dwell.

8 Blessed be God for friends,
 Blessed be God for foes;
 Blessed be God whose gracious ends,
 No finite creature knows.

9 Blessed be God for life,
 Blessed be God for death,
 Blessed be God for joy and grief;
 I welcome all thro' faith.

HYMN 184.

*To all Saints, who put their trust in the
Lord Jesus Christ.*

MY brethren all remember well,

That your sweet Jesus is your all ;
Of grace and truth, how full he is,
For those who feel their emptiness.

2 Christ is your wisdom, right'ousness,
Your strength, your holiness and peace,
Your head, your hope, your joy also,
Your all to God, your all to you.

3 His fulness yours, what can you need ;
Nothing but faith thereon to feed ?
And faith to you himself will give,
Rely on him, and to him live.

4 Then O ! be free with this your friend,
His fulness you can never spend ;
On him your wants forever roll,
And he will satiate your soul.

5 The more by faith on Christ we live,
The more to him you glory give ;
The more with Christ your soul is free,
The more to him you'll welcome be.

6 Such is his fulness, grace and love,
He'll joy that you his fulness prove ;
So shall your joy in him be full,
Who is your everlasting all.

 HYMN 185.

The Slow Traveller.

OH ! happy soul how fast you go,
And leave me here behind ;
Don't stop for me, for now I see,
The Lord is just and kind.

2 Go on, go on, my soul says go,

- And I'll come after you ;
 Though I'm behind, the way I'll find,
 And sing hosannah too.
- 3 God give you strength that you may run
 And keep your footsteps right ;
 Tho' fast you go, and I so slow,
 You are not out of sight.
- 4 When you get to those worlds above,
 And all their glories see ;
 When you get home, your work is done,
 Then look you out for me.
- 5 For I will come fast as I can,
 Along the way I'll steer ;
 Lord give me strength, I shall at length,
 Be one among you there.
- 6 There altogether we shall be,
 Together we shall sing ;
 Together we shall praise our God,
 And everlasting king.
-

HYMN 186.

- Guilt and distress, inseparable companions.*
 SIN is the fatal cause of woe,
 The spring from whence our troubles flow,
 Yet when we take a view
 Of those who sin in every breath,
 Yet feel no checks in life and death,
 We scarce believe it true.
- 2 Thousands around seem highly bless'd
 Who treat religion as a jest,
 A fable or a song ;
 Down life's impet'ous stream they glide,
 Favor'd with canvass, wind and tide,
 And smoothly float along.
- 3 By pleasures flow'ry bank they steer,

No troubles feel, nor can they fear,
 But laugh, and sing, and play ;
 Till deep they plunge in endless night,
 Without one drop of sweet delight,
 Or glimpse of op'ning day.

4 O sad exchange ! O wretched state !
 Now they can feel (when 'tis too late)
 What they have heard in vain ;
 Despair and anguish dwell within,
 The bitter, bitter fruits of sin,
 And make them roar with pain !

5 Their groans emphatic, loud complain,
 'Twas guilt that caus'd their grief & shame.
 And freely they confess,
 The bitter pill was candy'd o'er,
 'Twas all indulgence just before,
 But now 'tis all distress.

6 More they would own—but I forbear,
 And quit those regions of despair :
 And now would ask the saints,
 "If guilt be harmless, tell me why
 "Those trickling tears, that heaving sigh,
 "And whence those sad complaints ?"

7 When sin, that viper you caress,
 Striking remorse and keen distress,
 Speedily makes you smart ;
 'Tis that which hides the Saviour's face,
 Incurs his frowns, suspends his grace,
 And wounds you to the heart.

8 Then griefs like mighty torrents roll,
 Till the poor agonizing soul,
 Lies bleeding on the rack ;
 The round of duty's trodden still,
 But 'tis like laboring up a hill,
 With mountains on the back.

9 One guilty scene such anguish brings,
Clogs the poor soul, and clips its wings,
And drags it from the skies ;
'Till Jesus dress'd in love appears,
Forgives the guilt and wipes the tears
From the beclouded eyes.

10 O christians ! never more to meet,
In pleasures sinful, tasting sweet,
But bid them all adieu ;
Stings from forbidden pleasures grow,
At least my soul hath found it so,
And owns the assertion true.

11 Restraining grace dear Jesus grant,
Make me like nature's noblest plant ;
And may my fear be such,
That when temptations lie in wait,
I may disdain the gilded bait,
And shrinking shun the touch.

HYMN 187.

Longing after Christ.

COMPANIONS of thy little flock,
Dear Lord we fain would be ;
Our helpless hearts to thee look up,
To thee our shepherd flee.

2 O might we lean upon thy breast
Which love and pity fill,
And now become those lambs carest,
That in thy bosom dwell.

3 How sweet that voice, how sweet that
Which leads to pastures fair [hand,
Shews Cana'n's milk and honey land,
Lot of thy flock so dear.

4 Rich grace, free grace most sweetly calls,
Directly come who will,

Just as you are, for Christ receives
 Poor helpless sinners still.

5 'Tis grace each day that feeds our souls ;
 Grace keeps us only pure ;
 And O ! that nothing else but grace
 May rule forevermore.

6 As one in heart let's all rejoice,
 The sinner's friend to praise ;
 The shepherd di'd ; O ! 'tis his voice,
 He'll us to glory raise.

HYMN 188.

The Youth's Resolution.

WHILE I am blest with youthful bloom,
 I will adore the sacred Lamb,
 Who bled and died for me ;
 If God inspires my heart with grace,
 And lets me see his shining face,
 A pilgrim I will be.

2 I'll leave this world with all its toys,
 And seek those far superior joys,
 That doth in Jesus dwell ;
 If Jesus be my God and king,
 Immortal triumphs I will sing,
 O'er all the powers of hell.

3 A frowning world I will defy,
 And all those flattering charms deny,
 If Jesus stands my friend ;
 Not long I have this storm to stand,
 Of this ensnaring barren land ;
 My conflict soon will end.

4 Jesus my friend, my cause will plead,
 Conduct my steps, supply my needs,
 And never let me fall ;
 Jesus will all my foes destroy—

Will be my life, my strength, my joy ;
 Jesus is all in all.

5 With joy I'll spend my fleeting days,
 To sound abroad his heav'nly praise,
 And tell the world his love ;
 And when I quit this mortal stage,
 shall in sacred strains engage,
 Among the saints above.

6. Where I shall with my Jesus dwell,
 In joys beyond what tongue can tell,
 On that immortal shore ;
 Jesus my love shall be my joy,
 His praises be my sweet employ,
 And part from him no more.

HYMN 189.

The name of Jesus.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
 In a believer's ear ;

It smooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast ;

'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding place ;

My never-failing treas'ry fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.

4 By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
 Although with sin defil'd ;

Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am own'd a child.

5 Jesus ! my shepherd, husband, friend,

My prophet, priest and king ;
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end.
 Accept the praise I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought ;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.

7 'Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath ;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 190.

To sing going to the water to Baptism.

MINE ears delighted with the sound,
 It breaks the silent air ;
 It rings melodious all around,
 It cords, I hear no jar.

2 How beautiful the saints appear,
 They're to the water bound ;
 This is the voice that I do hear,
 With songs the joys are crown'd.

3 In ord'ly ranks they slowly move,
 And praise their mighty king ;
 All solemn faces full of love,
 Adoring while they sing.

4 I see the heav'n born candidate,
 With wonder and surprise ;
 Saying why me Lord, I've come so late,
 And tears roll from his eyes.

5 But still he fills a humble place,
 Amidst those solemn ranks ;
 They walk down to the waterside,
 And hail sweet Jordan's banks.

6 The watchman prays a charming sound,
Then takes him by the hand ;
Bright Seraphs hover all around,
And by God's children stand.

7 They both step softly in the stream,
The waters rolling by ;
Then under water plunges him ;—
He cries my friends come nigh :

8 I'll tell you what my Christ hath done,
He sav'd my soul from death ;
Then from the waters streight he comes,
With praise in ev'ry breath.

HYMN 191.

The Blunderer.

BLUND'RING through this life I go,
Bound to heaven, or endless woe ;
Blunders all my life do fill,
O how blund'ring I do feel.

2 Blund'ring on in youthful days,
I pursu'd my blund'ring ways ;
Who the wonder e'er can tell
That I blunder'd not in hell ?

3 Jesus cry'd aloud to me,
Blund'rer stop, thy blunders see :
O what light around me shone !
Making all my blunders known.

4 When to follow Christ I'm fix'd,
Horrid blunders have perplex'd !
Never I to heaven do pray
But in a poor blund'ring way.

5 If for God I ever speak,
Most of blunders I partake,
Jesus' praise can ne'er declare,
But my blunders still are near.

6 When the gospel I would hear,
Dreadful blund'ring is my ear ;
When the word of life I'd read,
Still my blunders drive ahead.

7 What a life I do pursue !
Scarce my blunders dare review,
How the scene is blunder'd up,
Blund'ring on from step to step !

8 O what pleasure and delight,
When but once I blunder right !
If salvation e'er is given,
I shall blunder till in heaven.

9 Then my blunders all shall end,
Shouting praise to Christ my friend,
Whose kind hand sustain'd me e'er,
While I was a blund'ring here.

HYMN 192.

Praising Christ.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name,

2 Sing to his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r ;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues ;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing till we hear Christ say,
Your sins are all forgiv'n ;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
Till we meet all in heav'n.

HYMN 193.

THO' troubles assail and dangers affright,
 Tho' friends should all fail and foes all unite,
 Yet one thing secures us whatever betide,
 The promise assures us the Lord will provide.
 2 The birds without barn or store-house are fed,
 From them let us learn to trust in our head ;
 His saints, what is fitting shall ne'er be deny'd,
 So long as it's written the Lord will provide.
 3 We all may, like ships, by tempests be tost
 On perilous deeps, but shall not be lost,
 Tho' satan enrages the wind and the tide,
 Yet scripture engages the Lord will provide.
 4 His call we'll obey, like Abra'am of old,
 We know not the way, but faith makes us bold ;
 For tho' we are strangers we have a sure guide,
 And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.
 5 When satan appears to stop up the path,
 And fills us with fears, we'll triumph by faith,
 He cannot take from us (tho' oft he has try'd)
 This heart cheering promise, the Lord will provide.
 6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
 The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain ;
 But when such suggestions our graces have try'd,
 This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.
 7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim,
 Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' own name,
 In this our strong tower, for safety we hide,
 The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.
 8 When life sinks apace and death is in view,
 The word of his grace shall comfort us thro' ;
 Nor fearing, nor doubting with Christ on our side,
 We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

HYMN 194.

THE fields are all white, the harvest is near,

The angels all with their sharp sickles appear
 To reap down the wheat and gather it in barns,
 While the wild plants of nature are left for to burn.
 2 Come then, O my soul, meditate on that day,
 When all things in nature shall cease and decay ;
 When the trumpet shall sound, the angels appear,
 To reap down the earth, both the wheat and the tare.
 3 But hear the sad cry ascend to the sky,
 Of those in distress and have no where to fly ;
 They'll call for the rocks and mountains to fall,
 On their naked souls for to hide them with all.
 4 But 'twill all be in vain, the mountains will flee,
 The rocks fly like hailstones and shall no more be
 The earth it shall quake ; the seas shall retire,
 And the solid world then shall be all on fire.
 5 But hear the great judge in that dread alarm,
 Saying gather my saints, bring them all to my arms
 That these seven last plagues may be pour'd out on those,
 Who have blasphem'd my name, & my saints have op-
 6 Then, O wretched sinner, look up and espy[pos'd].
 The glorious Redeemer marching down the sky ;
 In a chariot of fire to the earth he is bound,
 With a guard of bright angels attending him down.
 7 Come hither, ye nations, your sentence receive,
 No longer my spirit shall strive and be griev'd :
 My sentence is right, my judgment is just,
 Come hither, ye blest, but depart all ye curs'd.
 8 O sinners, take warning, and seek ye the Lord,
 I have not been jesting 'tis Jesus' own word ;
 That those who believe, in glory shall stand,
 While all unbelievers are sure to be damn'd.
 9 Now farewell, I leave you to ponder your way—
 May the Lord seal instruction from what I now say,
 That our souls to God's throne may be poured out in
 prayer,
 That we may be prepar'd to meet Christ in the air,

HYMN 195.

WITH hands uplifted to the skies,
 Stop, Gabriel stop, the herald cries :
 All-conquering power forbid thy wing,
 Till heaven-born souls begin to sing.

2 Ye listening crouds aloud rejoice ;
 Angels shall mingle with your joys ;
 Ye bands of death and bars of hell,
 All bursting let the chorus swell.

3 Lord, where's the soul within these
 That into Jesus' arms now falls ? (walls,
 Shall angels round the throne appear,
 And say not one's converted here ?

4 Stop, Gabriel stop, one moment stay,
 Nor bear such dismal news away :
 Some trembling sinner may believe,
 And heaven and Jesus now receive.

5 Then *wing* thy flight to worlds of love,
Fly Gabriel *fly*, and tell above,
 One sinner more begins to praise
 Unbounded, free, and sovereign grace.

HYMN 196.

WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
 That seeks relief for all his woe ?
 Where shall the guilty conscience find
 Ease for the torment of his mind ?

2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
 Or form our natures fit for heaven ?
 Can souls, all o'er defil'd with sin,
 Make their own powers and passions clean ?

3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
 Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh ;
 'Tis there that power and glory dwell
 That saves rebellious souls from hell,

4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

5 Let men or angels dig the mines
Where nature's golden treasure shines;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.

6 Should vile blasphemers with disdain,
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,
We'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

HYMN 197.

WHEN Abraham's servant to procure
A wife for Isaac went,
He met Rebecka, told his wish,
The maiden gave consent.

2 Yet for ten days they urg'd the man
His journey to delay,
Hinder me not—he quick reply'd,
Since God hath crown'd my way.

3 'Twas thus I cry'd, when Christ the
My soul to him did wed' [Lord,
Hinder me not—nor friends nor foes,
Since God my way hath sped.

4 Stay, says the world, and taste awhile,
My every pleasant sweet,
Hinder me not—my soul replies,
Because the way is great.

5 Stay, satan my old master cries,
Or force shall thee detain,
Hinder me not—my soul replies,
My God has broke thy chain.

- 6 In all my Lord's appointed way,
 My Journey I'll pursue:
Hinder me not—ye much lov'd saints,
 For I must go with you.
- 7 Thro' floods and flames, if Jesus leads,
 I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
 Though earth and hell oppose.
- 8 Thro' duty and through trials too
 Ill go at his command,
Hinder me not—for I am bound,
 To my Emmanuel's land.
- 9 And when my Savior calls me home,
 Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not—come welcome death,
 I'll gladly go with thee.

HYMN 198.

Shortness of time.

- OFT as the bell with solemn toll,
 Speaks the departure of a soul;
 Let each one ask himself, am I
 Prepar'd should I be call'd to die.
- 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
 Preserves me from the jaws of death;
 Soon as it fails at once I'm gone,
 And plung'd into a world unknown.
- 3 Then leaving all I lov'd below,
 To God's tribunal I must go;
 Must hear the judge pronounce my fate,
 And fix my everlasting state.
- 4 But could I bear to hear him say,
 Depart ye cursed, far away;
 With satan in the lowest hell,
 Thou art forever doom'd to dwell.

5 Lord Jesus help me now to flee,
And seek my only rest in thee ;
Apply thy blood, thy spirit give,
Subdue my sins, and in me live.

6 Thus when the solemn bell I hear,
If sav'd from sin I need not fear ;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
Perhaps it next might toll for me.

HYMN 199.

The Backslider Returning.

O WHAT a cruel wretch am I,
To leave my Jesus so !
And now without his smiles I lie,
And know not where to go.

2 Once I enjoy'd his smiling face ;
But did not think so soon,
I should go mourning in disgrace
And all my comforts gone.

3 Not all the glories of the earth,
Can do me any good ;
My soul abhors all carnal mirth,
And groans to find my God.

4 O should I see his face again,
I'd tell him all my woe ;
Confess how guilty I have been
To leave my Jesus so.

5 Then will I clasp him in my arms,
And he shall have my heart ;
And earth with all her treach'rous charms
Forever shall depart.

HYMN 200.

Marriage Hymn.

LORD, from thy throne of flowing grace;

- Thy choicest blessing give ;
 And on thy servants cause thy face
 To shine, and they shall live.
- 2 Enrich them with thy heav'nly grace,
 Unite their hearts in love ;
 May they in all thy holy ways
 To thee themselves approve ;
- 3 Let harmony and holy love,
 And friendship ever run,
 Thro' all their thoughts and life to prove,
 Of twain they now are one.
- 4 Allure them, Jesus, with thy charms,
 And joyfully they'll flee,
 By faith and love into thine arms,
 And thus be one in thee.
- 5 Adorn their house, adorn their ways,
 With fruit divinely fair ;
 So in this world they'll shew thy praise,
 In th' next thy glory share.

HYMN 201.

The Infant Saviour, a Carol.

- O ! SIGHT of anguish, view it near,
 What weeping innocence is here !
 A manger for his bed,
 The brutes yield refuge to his woe,
 Men the worst brutes, no pity shew,
 Nor give him friendly aid.
- 2 Why do no rapid thunders roll ?
 Why do no tempests rack the pole ?
 O miracle of grace ;
 Or why no angel on the wing ?
 Warm for the honor of their King,
 T' extirpate all the race.
- 3 Did he, that infant bath'd in tears,

Call into form the rolling spheres ?

Did seraphs wait his nod ?

Helpless he calls, but man delays ;

The moral chaos disobeys,

This offspring of a God.

4 Say, radiant seraphs, thron'd in light,

Did love e'er tow'r so high a flight !

Or glory sink so low !

This wonder angels scarce declare,

Angels the rapture scarce can bear,

Or equal praise bestow.

5 Redemption 'tis a boundless theme !

Thou boundless mind, our hearts inflame,

With ardour from above ;

Words are but faint, let joy express ;

Vain is meer joy, let actions bless

This prodigy of love.

HYMN 102.

FAREWEL vain world, I bid adieu,

Your glories I despise ;

Your friendship I no more pursue,

Your flatt'ries are but lies.

2 You promise happiness in vain,

Nor can you satisfy ;

Your highest pleasures turn to pain,

And all your treasures die.

3 Had I the Indies, East and West,

And riches of the sea ;

Without my God I could not rest,

For he is all to me.

4 Then let my soul rise far above ;

By faith I'll take my wing,

To the eternal realms of love,

Where saints and angels sing.

HYMN 203.

Christ's Invitation.

COME brethren and sisters that love my dear Lord,
 I pray give attention and ear to my word ;
 What a wonder of mercy ! behold now I see,
 What a tender, kind Saviour, has done for poor me.
 2 I was led by the devil till lost and distress'd,
 I tho't that in torments I soon should be cast :
 No peace to the wicked, but all misery,
 Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding for me.
 3 Oh sinner ! Said Jesus, for you I have dy'd,
 All glory to Jesus, my soul then reply'd :
 The guilt was removed, my soul did rejoice,
 The blood was applied, the witness and voice.
 4 On my low bending knees before God I did fall,
 And glory to Jesus, for he's all in all :
 The heart of his rebel was bursted in twain
 To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.
 5 There was peace now in heaven and peace upon
 The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth ; (earth,
 Your sins are forgiven, my saviour did say,
 Oh ! witness, kind Heaven, on this my birth-day.
 6 My soul it was humbled, I fell to the ground,
 The time of refreshing at length I have found,
 O Lord, thou hast ravish'd my soul with thy charms,
 Let me die like Simeon, with Christ in my arms.

HYMN 204.

Free Grace.

THE voice of free grace cries escape to the mountain,
 For Adam's lost race, Christ has open'd a fountain,
 For sin and transgression and every pollution,
 His blood it flows freely in plentious redemption,
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, who purchas'd our pardon,
 We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.
 2 That fountain so clear in which all may find pardon,

From Jesus' side flows a plentious redemption
 Tho' your sins were increas'd as high as a mountain,
 His blood it flows freely in streams of salvation:

Hallelujah, &c.

3 O ! Jesus ride on, thy kingdom is glorious,
 O'er sin, death and hell thou wilt make us victorious;
 Thy name shall be prais'd in the great congregation
 And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.

Hallelujah &c.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the blest
 shore :

With our harps in our hands we'll praise him evermore,
 We'll range the bless'd fields on the banks of the river,
 And sing hallelujahs for ever and ever.

Hallelujah, &c.

5 Then let us march on, in the strength of our Saviour
 And never again even doubt of his favour,
 But sav'd by his blood, may we under his banner,
 Rejoicing, all join in shouting Hosannah !

Hallelujah, &c.

6 And thus by his strength, having crossed the river,
 And our white robes receiv'd from Jesus the giver,
 With our harps tun'd anew, we'll join the blest choir
 In sounding this anthem, still higher and higher.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath purchas'd our
 pardon;

We'll praise him anew since we've pass'd over Jordan.

HYMN 205.

The Supper.

A FOUNTAIN in Jesus which runs always free,
 For washing and cleansing such sinners as we ;
 Our sins though like crimson, made white as the wool
 No lack in the fountain, but always is full.

2 All things are now ready, he invites us to come,
 The supper is made by the Father and Son ;
 Rich bounties, rich dainties, here we may receive,

A living for ever, if we will believe.

3 The guests which were bidden, refused to call ;
For they were not ready nor willing at all,
To be strip't of their honor, and part with their store,
For a feast that was given and made for the poor.

4 If they are not ready and wish to delay,
My house shall be filled, the Father doth say ;
From highways and hedges, the halt and the blind,
Shall come and be welcome, the *Supper* is mine.

5 He decks us with jewels, and rings of rich kind ;
A garment not woven, but richly refin'd ;
Redeemed by Jesus, made heirs with the King,
A plan of the Father, in glory to sing.

HYMN 206.

Precious Promises.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word ?
What more can he say than to you he hath said
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ;

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my right'ous, omnipotent hand.

4 When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee everflow ;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When thro' fiery trials thy path way shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;
The flames shall not hurt thee, I only design,
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 Even down to old age, all my people shall prove

My sov'reign, eternal unchangeable love :
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
 7 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to the foes ;
 That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never—no never—no never forsake.

HYMN 207.

Happy Canaan.

COME all you dear souls that are of Adam's line,
 Join with me and seek salvation ;
 With hearts join, with friendship let us all combine,
 And seek for the land of Canaan ;
 Canaan, Canaan, my happy home,
 Oh, when shall I see Canaan !

2 We have a little sister that's lately converted,
 She brings us good news from Canaan ;
 Her heart is filled with Jesus, the world she's deserted,
 And now she lives shouting and praising :
 Canaan, Canaan, my happy home,
 Oh, how I long for Canaan !

3 Once I did mourn, but now I will sing
 And praise my God and Saviour,
 Till in the realms of my heavenly king,
 In Canaan I'll praise him for ever ;
 Canaan, Canaan, my happy home,
 Oh, when shall I reach Canaan !

4 When the poor sinner stands at the bar,
 Despairing of hope and of heaven ;
 A trembling and shivering in doubtful despair,
 From God's awful presence driven :
 Canaan, Canaan, my happy home,
 Oh, then may I reach Canaan !

5 Come my dear brethren let us travel on
 In the path that leads to Canaan ;
 And when our pilgrimage journey it is done

In Canaan we'll praise him for ever :
 Canaan, Canaan, my happy home,
 Oh, how we'll shout in Canaan !

HYMN 208.

Shepherds of Jewry.

AS shepherds in Jewry were guarding their sheep,
 Promiscuously seated estranged from sleep ;
 An angel from heaven presenting to view,
 And thus he accosted the trembling few.

2 Dispel all your sorrows and banish your fears,
 For Jesus your Saviour in Jewry appears ;
 Tho' Adam the first in rebellion was found,
 Forbidden to tarry in hallowed ground.

3 Yet Adam the second appears to retrieve,
 The loss you sustained by the devil and Eve ;
 Then shepherds be tranquil, this instant arise,
 Go visit the Saviour and see where he lies,

4 A token I leave you whereby you may find,
 This heavenly stranger, this friend to mankind ;
 A manger his cradle, a stall his abode,
 And oxen are near him to blow on your God.

5 Then shepherds be humble, be meek and lie low,
 For Jesus your Saviour's abundantly so,
 This wond'rous story scarce cool'd on the ear,
 When thousand of angels, in glory appear.

6 Thus join in the concert and thus was their theme,
 All glory to God, and good will towards men ;
 Then shepherds strike in, join your voice in the choir,
 And catch a few sparks of celestial fire.

7 Hosanna the angels in extacy cry,
 Hosanna the wondering shepherds reply ;
 Salvation, redemption are center'd in one,
 All glory to God for the birth of his son.

8 Then shepherds adieu, we commend you to God,
 Go visit the Son in his humble abode ;

To Bethlehem city, the shepherds repair'd,
 For full confirmation of what they had heard.
 9 They enter'd the stable with aspect so mild,
 And there they beheld both mother and child ;
 Then make proclamation, devulge it abroad,
 That gentle and simple may hear from the Lord.

HYMN 209.

*Reasons of Triumphs in Christ, the faithful and true
 Witness.*

LET the Saints all rejoice and exult in their King,
 To Jesus with rapture and melody sing ;
 Lost sinners from bondage he died to relieve,
 And the faithful, true witness will never deceive.
 2 His blood's all our boasting, his blood shed for you,
 With confidence trust him, his words are all true ;
 For he seal'd with his blood every promise he gave
 And the faithful, true witness will never deceive.
 3 He promis'd a ransom when he left you the cross,
 And he with a kingdom rewards all your loss ;
 To glory he leads you, while to him you cleave,
 And the faithful, true witness will never deceive.
 4 When he calls you afflictions and sorrows to bear,
 He seals your afflictions, he wipes every tear ;
 Thro' fire and thro' water his saints he'll not leave,
 For the faithful, true witness will never deceive.
 5 He's promis'd his grace that you fall not away,
 And to bring all his saints to the mansions of day ;
 He lives now for you who his promise believe,
 And the faithful, true witness will never deceive.
 6 His words are most sure, I come quickly again,
 Let his people with gladness respect their Amen ;
 Of this glory you hope, for he cannot bereave,
 For the faithful, true witness will never deceive.

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